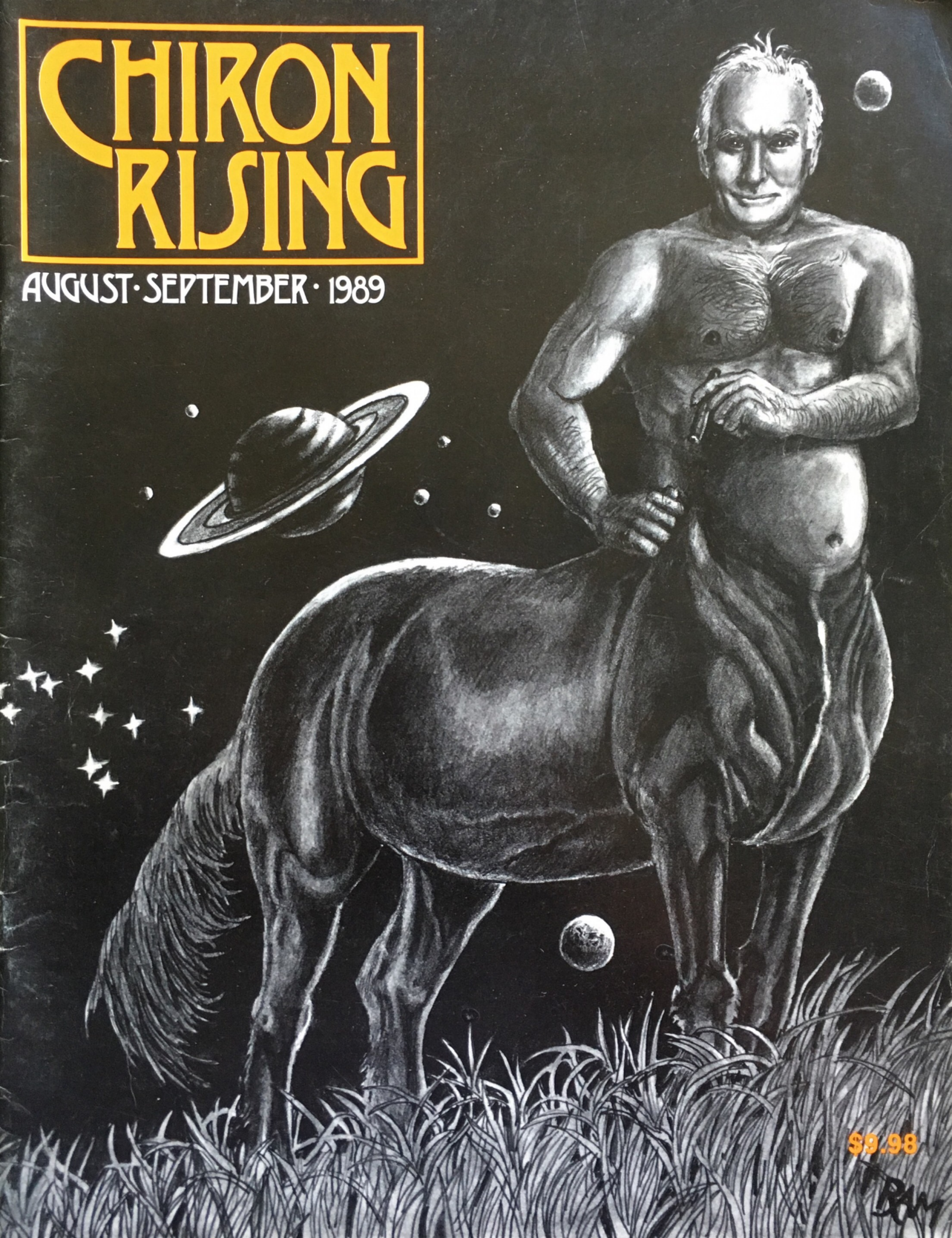
CHIRON RISING

AUGUST·SEPTEMBER·1989



$9.98

WARNING: THIS MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY GAY, SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!!

CHIRON RISING is published bi-monthly during each even month at Phelan, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $34.55. The entire contents of CHIRON RISING are copyright 1989 by Patrick H. Colley and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in CHIRON RISING is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. The official views of CHIRON RISING are identified as such. Opinions expressed in bylined columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of CHIRON RISING or Patrick H. Colley. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork herein is created from imagination and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All models are over 21 years of age. All correspondence received by CHIRON RISING is considered for publication in our LETTERS section, unless otherwise requested by the writer. All readers who request general information on models, writers, photographers and artists must include a self addressed, stamped envelope with their letter. For those who have a question about their account, no S.A.S.E. is required. All correspondence should be addressed to CHIRON RISING, 4864 Luna #191, Phelan, CA 92371.

PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

ASSOCIATE EDITOR/FINANCIAL OFFICER
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. PROFILES
3. LETTERS
4. FRED AT 48
5. QUETZAL
7. FICTION BY EBB
9. HEALTH WITH DOCTORS JACK AND MAC
11. GEORGE I AND GEORGE II
11. BIG JOHN
11. GREY GRIZZLY
12. LEGAL EAGLE
12. KENN RICHIE
13. DRAWING BY COYOTE
14. DRAWING BY RADER
15. ANNOUNCEMENTS
16. DRAWING BY OTTO
17. FICTION BY JOHN BREADSTILL
17. GATOR
19. SEAN AND WOODY
19. C.J. VISITS THE COLONEL
19. SILVER II
19. EX-LOGGER
20. ALAN CANTWELL, JR., M.D.
22. DRAWING BY SKUA
23. FICTION BY OCHO
24. DRAWING BY RAM
30. GAYFEATHER
30. JOHN WAYNE
30. SAM
30. SMILEY
32. STRAC
33. PERSONAL ADS
34. THE BIKER
38. DRAWING BY JAYPEE
42. DAVID II
43. WAYNE HAMPTON
44. POETRY OF RIGINO
45. URSUS MINOR
INSIDE BACK COVER: IN CLOSING

GREETINGS

Welcome back to Pat and The Friar's "Tiger-By-The-Tail Print Entertainment," better known as CHIRON RISING. Somehow, we're still kicking. Word-of-mouth seems to be keeping us going in spite of the fact that we blew our advertising budget and had to give up advertising in The ADVOCATE. Keep those mouths going!

This should be our best issue yet. We bring you articles by three physicians--one a distinguished author. We feature more photos than ever before--many taken by professional photographers. We present RAM's best drawing ever, along with lots of great fiction--including the exciting finale to OCHO's SULJI'S SPHERE.

Enough.....(we ran out of space). ON WITH THE SHOW!!

Pat + The Friar

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue and all may be written to. Write to them the same way you would write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for fowarding.

AARON is a highly talented artist who lives with his equally talented (in the movie, theatre and television industries) partner in the L.A. area. He's in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine.

BIG JOHN lives in Southwest Florida and is looking for just the right older companion. He's 62, retired, 6'-0" tall, 195#, ruggedly good looking, uncut and has dazzling hazel eyes.

THE BIKER is yet another discovery of KENT JUSTICE. He's 66, a rugged outdoors type and retired construction worker who lives in the Florida panhandle. This incredibly handsome man enjoys the company of masculine, younger men who can relate to a mature guy who loves life to the fullest.

JOHN BREADSTILL resides in Seattle and has a "virulent" interest in Eastern thought and mysticism. An accomplished water colorist, his writings reflect his contemplative nature and inquiring mind. John is also a very hot model and brought the house down with his last photo.

C.J. is a Southern California senior who travels extensively. This fine, masculine specimen turns heads everywhere he goes. C.J. has been with us from almost the beginning and has been responsible for landing us quite a few staunch supporters.

ALAN CANTWELL JR., M.D. is a distinguished Los Angeles dermatologist and cancer and AIDS researcher. He is the author of *AIDS: THE MYSTERY AND THE SOLUTION*; and *AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH: AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE AIDS EPIDEMIC* . Doctor Cantwell stunningly and lucidly challenges mainstream views on AIDS. Only a fool would take this man lightly. Doctor Cantwell is also a senior and subscriber to CHIRON RISING.

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE. He's Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

COYOTE, 32, was born and raised in West Texas like your editor. Besides being one of the most inventive artists we've ever seen, this bright young man is lean and youthful, with light brown hair and blue eyes--and he's looking for a mature soulmate. He's versatile and easygoing, yet responsible--like the coyote. Shy but wild....wild but shy.

DAVID II is a 26-year-old, honest to God COWBOY. This rugged, delicious hunk is looking for a close friend or lover, 50+, to live, learn and grow with. He likes his men big, rugged, open minded, rough-house and sincere, yet not afraid to cuddle.

DOCTOR JACK specializes in family practice in Michigan. He's single, 61, 5'-10", 165#, handsome and into exercise, travel and many other things. He would like a relationship with a younger man and loves oral sex, cuddling and kissing. You younger men, take notice.....and he's a DOCTOR!

DOCTOR MACK is a 62-year-old retired physician who currently lives in Texas with his lover of 16 years. This sexy, burly hunk looks more like a rancher than a doctor and you can usually find him at Mardi Gras with his equally rugged-looking partner.

EBB is a well-put-together, 40-year-old Tennessee writer, who recently lost his lover of 18 years. This man knows all about picking up the pieces and making some sense of life after the bottom falls out. He's a pretty good cartoonist too, but will devastate you with his fiction.

EX-LOGGER is back by awesome demand! This rapturous-looking ***man's*** man has been known to make jaded cocksuckers drool in their pants and was our very first undisguised model. Yes, this extraordinary man started it all and we'll never be able to repay him. EX-LOGGER lives with his younger, 50-year-old lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest, wintering in Mexico.

FRED AT 48 is still 48 and a manager for a major retailer in the Detroit Metro area. This fine looking man is a former artist and a photographer's dream.

GATOR is a New Yorker who recently moved to Florida. Awesomely sexy, GATOR is featured in John Breadstill's story BIG BUBBA (Aug. 89). We don't know too much about this mature hunk, but you could by writing him.

GAYFEATHER is a comely 33-year-old landscape designer from Michigan. A rubust six foot and 185 pounds, he enjoys older (50-75), well built to heavyset men for friendship and more.

GEORGE I and **GEORGE II** are about the most fun couple of guys you could ever hope to meet. These urbane, witty, entertaining Silver Centaurs from Los Angeles were a hit at the last Mardi Gras and made a whole bunch of new friends. Small wonder. Both have smiles that would melt icebergs.

GREY GRIZZLY is a 50-year-old masseur in San Francisco. Rugged, hairy, bearded and brawny, this animal enjoys swimming, horses, theater and answering fan mail.

WAYNE HAMPTON, a distinguished sculpter, photographer and videographer, resides in Ft. Lauderdale, where he operates his own company called WAYNESART. Known for his exquisite, realistic sculptures of the male nude, he has become a leading proponent of art for the gay community. Those interested in his creations may receive his brochure by sending $3 to WAYNESART, 900 S. Andrews Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/writer/photographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. Lately, KENT has begun to try his hand at videography and is getting rave reviews. We'll let you know if he decides to go commercial. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in getting us countless new subscribers.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55-year-old attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last 7 years in Southern California. He is single and now lives in Palm Springs, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. For you younger guys (18-25) who write and say that you want a sincere relationship with a sharp, mature man of substance, take note.

OCHO is a 50ish freelance Chicago writer, who has written one of the most unusual novels we've ever read. Only the second novel we've ever serialized, OCHO's ***SULJI'S SPHERE*** has it all--feverish sex, black comedy, Air Force Generals with monster dicks, androids, flying saucers and nail biting adventure.

OTTO is a tall, 36-year-old Ohio artist who really knows his mythology. His specialty is satyrs and minotaurs, but soon you'll be seeing some hot renderings of centaurs, too. OTTO loves mature, masculine guys with a paternal attitude.

QUETZAL has been with us from the very beginning and has contributed a massive amount of cartoons to the cause. His current hit series, GOLDEN GOODIES, is critically acclaimed. The description "prolific" doesn't do him justice. QUETZAL and his dynamic model/actor lover, PLOVER, have recently moved to Los Angeles from Virginia.

RADER is in his late 20s and has always been into older men. His spouse is 44. A famous artist by profession, he's been previously published in *DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND*. He's promised us more, so hang on, guys!

RAM is considered one of the best erotic artists on the international gay scene today. This highly celebrated professional artist is in his late 40s and lives in the Midwest with a 69-year-old retired ex-mover and shaker in the business world. RAM is the brilliant creator of our new cover design.

KENN RICHIE is the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screenplays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted **SILVER CENTAUR** and has given us invaluable support.

RIGINO is a 57-year-old poet from upper New York State. Interested in Astrology and Tarot, this staunch supporter has given us some very useful advice.

SAM, a 52-year-old, 5'-10", 190#, 7-1/2" uncut masterpiece of a man from Northern California, prefers BIG men with BIG uncut muscles. He says he loves to massage hard, throbbing muscles --no muscle, crack, crevice or bulge left unattended.

SILVER II is 55, 5'-8", 155# and lives in Nevada. He's also single and would like to rectify the situation. This good looking senior loves to take long walks, cuddle and make lots of love.

SKUA, a 64-year-old retired artist, lives in Baltimore. This sexy, talented, lithely built man loves art, music, pets, gardening and astrology. The letters are pouring in from his new fans and he's cranking out the work like crazy. This man has the compassion of a saint and spends all his free time taking care of infirm friends.

SMILEY is a 40ish, well-put-together Israeli who goes exclusively for mature men over 60. He says that grey hair and a moustace only adds fuel to the fire. Originally from South Africa, he now makes his home in Israel.

STRAC is our first Black model. At 47, 5'-9", 195# and handsome as hell, this guy is a hunk deluxe. Recently transferred from Tennessee to Dallas, STRAC is in the market for someone over 40, any race, who is conventionally versatile.

URSUS MINOR is a lusciously sexy, powerfully built lover of BIG BEARS who resides in Los Angeles. This 45-year-old, 5' -7", 230#, fun-loving, pro-wrestler-type likes big, heavyset men, 45 and older. And OH, how big men like him!

JOHN WAYNE is a trim, 40ish dazzler, who is very popular with our older, heavier readers. He lives in North Carolina with JAY, an equally popular, silver-haired model. This man is so sexy that he can drive 'em nuts just by innocently drinking a can of beer.....while playing with his big dick.

JASON P. WILLIAMS is a very clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. JASON is the author of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction. Pure talent. He's also a stunning model and artist, going by the name JAYPEE.

WOODY AND SEAN recently moved from Boston to Austin, Texas. Woody is the founder of PRIME TIMERS and would like to hear from others who may be interested in starting a chapter in their community. These men make the most handsome couple we've seen in many years and we love them dearly. Those smiles are for real.

***

HELP!

Let's make a video!

Let's make a video about the older gay male. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male who takes pride in keeping his body at it's sensual best. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male and some of the achievements he is proud to have accomplished during his lifetime. Let's make a video presenting the older gay male in "A Day In The Life Of..." If you are interested in helping to create and produce a non-porn video about older gay males, please contact Wayne Hampton at:

WAYNESART

Sculpture, Photography, Videography, 900 S. Andrews Avenue, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.....(305) 463-1666

LETTERS

Dear Kindred Spirits: May I add my humble note to the many letters you receive complimenting you on your services to the gay community. I wish I could be as eloquent as some you've quoted in your estimable magazine. Of the responses to my ad you've promptly forwarded, I have two "live ones" that are exploring mutual interests and goals with me. You have truly lighted up *my* life! While I wish you lived nearer so that perhaps we could enjoy a closer acquaintance, I treasure your kindnesses and wish you long life, continued success and endless orgasms! With love and affections, HONEYEATER.

***

Gentlemen: I will not be renewing my subscription to your publication. Even though it is aimed at my age group, I find it a self-centered, ego-stroking publication, featuring a small group of men who have grown old but not grown up. I did enjoy some of the drawings and a few of the articles, but overall, found your publication uninteresting. G. A./Desert Hot Springs

***

Gentlemen: Thank GOD for your excellent publication. I believe your magazine will save my life and sanity. My lover of 42 years and I moved to this state in August of 1988 and built our dream house. My lover developed congestive heart failure almost immediately. December 23, 1988, a triple heart bypass was performed. He was released January 2 and was on the road to recovery, but on January 31, he went into cardiac arrest and passed away immediately. Not having any relatives, friends or neighbors made it extremely difficult for me to handle. The sadness, loneliness and depression has at times been virtually impossible to cope with. Forty-two years of bliss and sharing, suddenly cut off, leaves a bottomless void. A friend told me of your magazine, I subscribed and received your April-May 1989 issue. I'm submitting a classified ad in hopes of finding a new lover. Through your magazine I have been able to meet new friends, some caring, sensitive and compassionate. We must all grow old--we accept that--but the extreme emptiness of life when you are left alone is unimaginable until it happens. With your, and your readers' help, I shall survive. Thank you so very much, B.C./Florida.

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: Received the March Special Issue with great delight. AARON and SKUA's drawings, a pleasure, BILL HARRIS' story of the *Park Bench Resident*, right up my alley! However, what really did move me was *The Old Wolf* by MARV SHAW. It is in the same frame of mind as Antoine De Saint -Excupery's writing of *The Little Prince*....."Come and play with me," said the Little Prince, "I'm so unhappy." "I cannot play with you," said the Fox. "I'm not tamed." That small novella has often been not a straw, but a trunk to hang on to in moments of despair, in moments of loneliness....."It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye....." I just feel like the "Old Wolf." I'm 50, no longer desirable to the general run of the mill crowd, yet, there is still so much left. Love, care, knowledge, affection.....you name it. Being Dutch, I've never been in "The Closet." There was no need for it until 25 years ago, when I came to Australia, where the attitudes were quite different. I've always been "amoured" by mature males--still am--regretably with very little sucess! So CHIRON RISING is a most wonderful "gap filler." Yet! It would be nice to pass on my knowledge and appreciation of the arts, music, history and other related subjects. There is much that I could contribute to a younger person who is eager to learn as I was when I was young. Yes, I do hope--probably in vain--to meet a "soul buddy" as well! Thank you, CHIRON RISING, for your good work which I fullheartedly support. Thank you, MARV SHAW, for your wonderful vignette. I do hope there will be more wisdoms of Olivia Owl! I like her! Who knows, even for me there might be a "historical" society that can use my knowledge. With Sincere and Best Wishes. John Backhuys-Toorenburg/Australia.

***

[Editor's Note: The following is in response to the letter by V.P./New York in April-May 89 LETTERS]

Dear Pat and The Friar: The use of condoms is (or should be) a normal, standard, taken-for-granted part of sex. Therefore, their use in an erotic story is (or should be) a simple case of art reflecting life. If a character did NOT use a condom, it would seem unusual, perhaps even a shock or surprise that would distract from the story. The reader would suddenly question if this character is a killer, if he has a suicidal complex or if he's incredibly ignorant or insane. No intelligent gay man today would fail to notice and be upset to hear or read of men engaging in anal sex without condoms. It is a matter of believability in story telling, as ordinary yet vital a part of such a sex scene as the removal of a character's pants. Exceptions might be made in stories of devoted monogamy, historical yarns, science fiction or deathwish dramas. I began writing gay erotic fiction when the need for AIDS awareness was desperate. It was virtually the only forum where one could use the "F" word when talking of safe sex. As awareness grew, I heard the complaints that fiction should remain fantasy and not be cooled by condoms. It seemed a reasonable objection, especially when I considered that a piece of good "whackoff fiction" IS an act of safe sex in itself. I discussed it with several editors and our conclusion was that our "job" was to entertain and to stimulate with hot stories of exciting sex. In order to be that, a story has to be believable. Believable, in the 1980s has been the use of condoms. I pray for the day when I may write of guys remembering those days, a decade ago, before the cure was found, then proceeding to fuck each other's guts out without feeling the need to wear their rubbers. Love, KENN RICHIE/Los Angeles.

***

Dear CHIRON RISING: I share SILVERFINCH's opinion ("To Hell With Gaymain," June 89). I saw some of the leaflets that the NATIONAL COMING-OUT DAY group distributed here in Albuquerque, and it was downright insanity. One leaflet suggested, "Tell your wife! Tell your children! Tell your friends! Tell your employer! Tell your minister!" FINE...AND...GET DIVORCED! GET DISOWNED! GET HATED! GET FIRED! GET EXCOMMUNICATED!!!!!! Instead of NATIONAL COMING-OUT DAY, why not NATIONAL SHUT UP AND COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF FUELING MORE ANTAGONISM TOWARD HOMOSEXUALS DAY? It's true that homosexuals are overlooked to a great extent in today's society; however, the best way to be more accepted is to JOIN it, rather than ATTACK it. SILVERFINCH voiced my opinion very well, and I'm glad that there are still a few people in our own press that still show some common sense and less hysteria. Sincerely, E.P./Albuquerque

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: The June/July 89 Issue arrived okay. Have read it from cover to cover twice already and loved every bit. Especially liked the photos of WARLOCK and THE FRIAR and the RAM drawing. In me, you have a subscriber for life. I've waited 42 years for a magazine like yours and now that I've

got it I'll never give it up. Sorry to hear about your "zero growth." As for how to stop your readers from giving their issues to people who have no intention of supporting you, perhaps every subscriber should charge his friends a dollar for every time he lends out C-R, then send the money on to you. Even better, the subscriber should strip the friend and give him a blowjob while he peruses the mag, then charge FIVE dollars and send it to you! That way, everybody is happy. Wish it were that easy, but I can't think of any better ideas at present. Best, RAY II/England.

***

Dear Editor: I want to thank you for publishing the article by John J. McNeill (Apr. 89). I have known Father McNeill for about 17 years and have heard him preach/speak about five times. I look upon him as one of my true "gay heroes," who has touched the lives of so many gay males as well as lesbians. I am half way through reading TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD and it is the most liberating book about gays that I have ever read. I am a long-time member of Metropolitan Community Churches here in Manhattan, and we all feel that Father McNeill is our true brother. Just wanted to say "thanks" for this article. I hope sometime you may get to know him personally, and if not, I highly recommend that you read his new book. All the best, D.McL./New York.

[Editor's Note: Father McNeill's book, TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD, will be reviewed by Marsh Cassady soon. Meanwhile, we have thoroughly enjoyed reading it and urge our readers to do the same. Christians and agnostics alike rave about this book.]

***

CHIRON RISING FACT SHEET

WHAT MOST READERS WANT TO KNOW ABOUT CHIRON RISING (PREVIOUSLY SWAN):

WHERE IN THE HELL DID YOU GET THAT NAME? In Greek Mythology, CHIRON (pronounced Ky-Ron) was the Chief of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn and Philyra. Universally regarded as kind, wise, noble and just, he was the original Silver Centaur. CHIRON is also a recently discovered minor planet. RISING is an astrological term. When someone has, say, Scorpio rising in his chart, it means that the sign of Scorpio was rising on the eastern horizon at the time of birth. In other words, that person has a Scorpio "ascendant." Likewise, a planet can be rising at the time of birth, too. Both the Friar and I had the planet of CHIRON..... RISING at the time of our respective births. Get it? For those of you who do not like our name change, please judge our contents and not the title. We have our reasons. After all, would we laugh at your name if it were Clarence Fudd?

WHAT IS YOUR TARGET AUDIENCE' CHIRON RISING was created for all men who perceive themselves as older or mature, and those men who love them. We exclude only those under the legal age. We welcome all men of any size, race, sexual persuasion or philosophy who feel alientated from the gay mainstream. We especially welcome those who are suffering from loneliness, poor health or isolation.

WHO ARE THE MEN BEHIND CHIRON RISING? THE FRIAR and PAT are 68 and 49 respectively and have absolutely no previous experience in publishing. Neither holds a degree. THE FRIAR is a retired military officer and ex Prisoner of War. PAT abandoned a very successful career in materials management and procurement to devote full time to CHIRON RISING.

CAN I WRITE TO YOUR MODELS, ARTISTS AND WRITERS? We urge our readers to write and encourage our contributors, unless otherwise noted. Merely write your letter, seal and stamp it. In the center of it, write in pencil, the name we use for them (KENN RICHIE, RAM, REBEL II, etc.). Place that envelope inside another one and mail to us for forwarding. If you are not a subscriber, include $ 1 for every letter. None of our models are professionals. All are subscribers.

WHY DON'T YOU PUBLISH YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER? We legally work out of our home and usually hit the sack at 9 pm every night. If we published our telephone number, the phone would be ringing off the hook at 2 am with someone who found C-R in a toilet and wants to know how to contact THE BIKER. If you are a subscriber and want to call us or come by for a visit, drop us a line with your phone number and photo. We do ask that you not share our telephone number with anyone else.

WHY DID YOU INCREASE YOUR SINGLE ISSUE PRICE? Why not? Other less dazzling entertainment magazines are going for a hell of a lot more than C-R, so we feel that we deserve it. Besides, few of our single issue customers subscribe or get involved in the spirit of what we are trying to do. Virtually every issue purchased separately finds its way to tens of other readers and only occasionally reaches an enthusiastic reader who will subscribe.

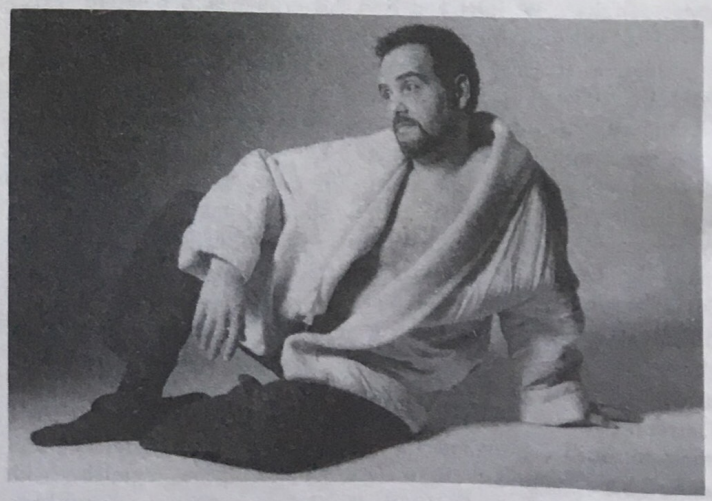
DO YOU ACCEPT DONATIONS? We are a little too old fashioned to accept anything we don't earn, but we do accept three forms of donations.

Adopt A Tree--Your $25 donation will allow you to adopt a tree here at Casa de Luna. Your tree will be identified with an engraved plastic tag and, eventually, we'll send you a photo. If you want your tree to be in loving memory of a departed friend or lover, we will be glad to inscribe anything you want on the tag. Of course, you are always welcome at CASA DE LUNA to check out your tree's progress.

Support A Needy Senior--Your $35 donation will allow a needy senior to enjoy CHIRON RISING for a year. An additional $10 will give him a personal ad for one issue.

Freddy Freeloader--If you consistently read a second hand copy of C-R and feel a little guilty, an anonymous gift of $5 would probably make you feel so much better.

***



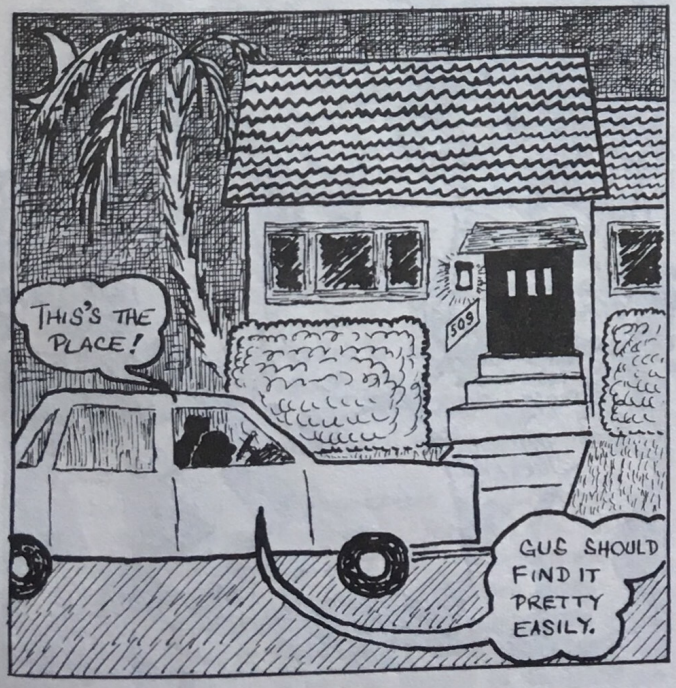
FRED AT 48.....photo by RICHARD KRAUSE

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

GOLDEN GOODIES

BY QUETZAL

WE MET AT A "Y." HE WAS LEADING AN EXERCISE CLASS FOR OLDER MEN...
GREAT!
YEAH. I DIDN'T STICK WITH IT TOO LONG. BUT HE FOLLOWED ME AROUND THE POOL FOR WEEKS!



GOLDEN GOODIES

BY QUETZAL

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT BY THE NUDE BEACH...
I THOUGHT THAT LOOKED LIKE MY TANK TOP!
HAW HAW!
346
HEY, GRAMPA! COOL BIKINI SWIMSUIT, DUDE!
SO GLAD YOU DIG MY DUDS, SONNY. AND YOURS LOOK QUITE ... WELL, FAMILIAR!
HUH?
HEY!
TOO FAMILIAR, YA LITTLE CROOKS!
LEGGO ME, Y'OLD FART!
SHIT!
OW! MY TEETH!
BOP!
FORK OVER THOSE WALLETS, YOU TWINKIE TURKEYS!
QUETZAL 12-88

CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

BEGINNINGS

by EBB

It was a three dog night and Ezra was grateful for the warmth of all three. The two hounds, Wag and Woof, were snuggled close on both sides of him. The ancient, partly blind beagle, Miss Poopeye, slept across his feet. He breathed a contented sigh and burrowed deeper under the covers, reveling in his winter womb.

Outside, the wind swirled around the corners of the cabin. It spoke in many voices, ranging from the traditional howl to foreign mutterings. Ezra knew that the winds were wise. They had to be, considering where they had been and what they had seen. His old Grannie Goody had been able to understand the tongues of the wind. She had taught him a few words and phrases but he'd always resisted the learning. Eavesdropping on wind might make you very wise, but it also tended to make you very old and very ugly, very quickly. Ezra had played it safe and, as a result, had grown very old and very ugly, very slowly --and was still dumb to boot!

Ezra sighed again; sleep was eluding him. He began chasing after it across the fields of his memory. He thought about Grannie Goody again. A short and dumpy Mammy Yokum without a pipe, she was old when Ezra was a child and was exactly the same when he was grown. She lived back in a crease of the mountains beside a spring reputed to have curative powers. Ezra didn't know if the spring's water could heal, but he was convinced it had made his cock grow. He began drinking the water when he was ten years old and, by the time he was fourteen, had a piece that was the envy of every boy in Long Hollow--not that he knew what to do with it, other than make it feel good by beating off.

"Make your goober grow," Grannie Goody had told him in her crazy cackle. Of course it might've grown on its own naturally, but Ezra liked to think it was the water. After all, everyone thought Grannie was a witch, so she would have known.

The old woman was shunned by polite mountain society. All of the other local children were afraid of her and Preacher Dobson denounced her as a spawn of Satan. This didn't seem to keep people from coming to her for various potions, philters and salves. Ezra had always been a very perceptive child. Grannie told him he had an inner eye, so he quickly saw that Preacher Dobson was more attuned to Satan than was the old witch, particularly when he looked at the young women in his congregation. Not that Ezra blamed him. The Tarlin girls did not wear panties and more than once, the young boy had pretended to tie his shoes during church service so he could peek at their little winking slits.

Ezra chuckled as he remembered his first run-in with Grannie Goody. He was stealing apples from her tree. All the other trees in the area seemed to bear fruit as wrinkled and dried up as the mountaineers who originally planted them. But Grannie's tree was different; its apples were large and juicy. Ezra's mother said it was like Hansel and Gretel. The apples were to tempt errant children such as himself so she could eat them or turn them into toads.

"What do you think you're doing in my tree?" The crackling voice, coming from below and behind him, made him jump and almost lose his grip.

"I'm trying to steal some of your damned apples." Ezra never knew what made him answer so defiantly. He cringed after doing so, preparing himself to eat bugs for the rest of his life.

"Well, ask a silly question," the old woman muttered to herself, then laughed. "While you're up there, boy, pick enough for a pie."

He did so and on that bright autumn afternoon, Grannie Goody baked him the best apple pie he'd ever tasted. From then on, he visited her almost every day. He carried wood for her and chopped kindling. He helped make apple butter and began learning how to see with his inner eye. He drank the cold spring water and watched his dick grow, dark hairs sprouting up at its base like weeds around a fence post.

Some years later, Ezra did what all young mountain males had to eventually do. He went to the city to look for work. It was exciting. He found a job helping sell produce in Knoxville's old Market House, a huge wooden building that smelled of fish and rotting fruit. He rented a small room in a big three story ginger bread house near Fort Sanders and rode the magically sparking trolleys to work. He dated a few women but stopped when he learned how wonderful it felt to have the "gentleman's men" suck his enormous peter until he came, pumping what seemed like gallons of cum down their throats. He discovered that many of them would pay good money just for the privilege of giving him this pleasure.

Ezra felt his cock hardening as he remembered all those hot mouths. He reached a gnarled hand to his crotch and slowly rubbed his meat until its broad girth was full and throbbing. As his cock grew hard, his heart grew soft. His thoughts turned to Ethan.

A beautiful man, Ethan, high-classed and middle-aged. They met in Fountain City near where the large spring bubbled out of a granite hillside and formed a blue lake, adorned with gliding swan. Park benches lined the cobbled path around the lake. It was a fashionable place for fashionable people--a place where a good looking mountain youth with an enormous, mountain-grown cock could make a large sum of money.

Ezra sat on a bench and spread his legs, displaying his wares. A number of well dressed gentlemen were escorting their ladies around the lake. He'd never paid much attention to the gents before; however, for some reason, one of them caught his eye. The man was tall and well built--not fat, not thin, but solid. He wore a pin-striped suit and sported a well-waxed moustache. A rather common looking woman in a lacey pink dress and with a twirling blue parasol clung to his arm and twittered. They stopped in front of Ezra's bench. The woman threw pebbles into the water and made cooing noises, attempting to attract the swan. Ezra felt she would more likely attract pigeons.

The man paid no attention to Ezra. Instead, he was amazed to find himself wondering what the man would look like naked! Another guy with a rather nellie nature was trying to get Ezra's attention by flashing money. The young man took no notice of him. He watched the tall man and his woman until they disappeared on the other side of the lake.

Half an hour later the man returned alone and walked directly to Ezra. He sat beside him on the bench and introduced himself as Ethan Finely. No money was ever mentioned but Ezra found himself walking beside the man until they came to one of the large houses facing the park.

That was only the beginning. It was learning time again. Ezra learned that Ethan had a cock to match his own. It was a little shorter than his but extremely thick, much like a tree stump. He learned the pleasure of giving as well as receiving. Ethan patiently taught Ezra how to suck dick and

gently fondle a huge pair of balls at the same time.

Weeks later, after Ezra quit his job at Ethan's insistence and moved into the big house with him, the mountain man learned the joy of sucking Ethan's thick member while the older man worked on his. He thought no pleasure could equal that, but he was wrong.

Ezra discovered just how wrong he was on the day that Ethan straddled his waist and sat on his towering cock. He started to protest, but it died in his throat when he felt the liquid heat of Ethan's anus enveloping his tool. The man slowly lowered his stocky body until his ass cheeks were pressed against Ezra's pubic hair and his balls were sprawled across the man's belly. Ethan sat there for a moment looking like the cat that had swallowed the canary, and then began moving up and down on Ezra's dick like a jocky posting on a horse.

Ezra could not believe the pleasurable sensations that raced throughout his body. He reached out in wonder and ran his hands through the salt and pepper hairs on Ethan's barrel chest. When he exploded into the man's ass, Ezra felt as if his balls were turning inside out. It was the most wonderful thing he had ever experienced.

Later, while they were spooning, the younger man began to feel a little guilty. "Did it hurt?" he softly asked his lover.

"No, it didn't hurt at all," Ethan answered. "It felt very good." As if to emphasize the fact, he pushed his hairy buttocks back against Ezra's tumescent meat. "Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering. It seemed to me that it would be like trying to take a shit backwards."

Ethan giggled. "Don't worry about it because I want you to do it again."

The next few years were the happiest and the saddest of Ezra's life. The happiness came from discovering the feelings the two men had for each other and the mutual sharing of pleasure. The sadness came when they discovered that Ethan had cancer. It was very painful for Ezra to watch a robust man such as Ethan slowly fade from the world.

After Ethan died, his younger brother inherited the large house and what was left of the family's fortune. Ezra didn't mind. He had started with nothing and now had his memories, which were everything. He left the city and returned to Grannie Goody and her spring.

The seasons wore on and he learned everything the old woman could teach him. It was not long before the people of the hollow were coming to him for his own magic. He was fast becoming the resident eccentric.

Ezra realized that Grannie was a lot older on the inside than she looked on the outside. When she felt that he was ready, she too died. He buried her near the apple tree, where they had first met, remembering her final words: "Stop acting so sad, boy. Life never really stops. There is no such thing as real endings, only new beginnings."

Ezra was almost asleep when Woof scratched at a flea and jarred him awake again. The winds around the cabin's corners seemed to be louder. They were telling him something.

"Someone's coming; someone's near the door."

Ezra had gone to bed at sundown, so it was still early enough for a fast talking salesman to come calling. The elderly man cherished all visits and was doubly glad of this one. His musings had stirred up many memories, both happy and sad. He eased himself out of bed without disturbing the drowsing dogs and quickly put on his well-worn robe. He had the fire dancing merrily and the coffee was on the stove when he heard the expected knock.

He opened the door to see a tall man standing there with a faded carpetbag in his hand. "Come on in here, feller, afore the wind gets you," he said as the stranger stepped into the welcome warmth of the cabin.

"I've been calling on people in this area all day and thought I'd make one last stop before it got completely dark."

The man stopped talking when Ezra held up his hand and motioned for him to sit in a chair near the fire. After he poured two cups of coffee for them, Ezra sat in an opposite chair and peered closely at the other man. *Middle aged and good looking as all hell,* he thought. *Has the same kind of build as Ethan. I wonder if he has the same kind of cock?* "Now then," he spoke out loud. "What is it you're selling?"

The stranger sipped his coffee and returned Ezra's scrutiny. "To be honest with you, sir, I'm not here to sell you anything. I've been in the mountains for a long while and I heard that you have the biggest dick in these parts. I hope you're not ofended, but I figured that a man with that big a reputation might be willing to make some extra money. What I'm trying to say is that I would pay *you* if you'd let me have some of it."

Ezra laughed and stood up. One hand undid the sash of his robe and pulled it open. "Make up your own mind about its size," he said. "If you still want it, it's for free."

The man stared at Ezra and licked his lips. The older man's body was wrinkled and sagging, but his cock was as virile as a youngster's. It was hanging down a heavy six inches from a forest of silver pubic hair. As blood filled the tissue, it began to expand from side to side and grow even longer. Ezra's dick was uncut and heavily veined. It began lurching to stiffness and soon was standing out a proud ten inches. The foreskin slid back, revealing a large, purple, helmet-shaped head.

The stranger stared as if Ezra's meat were a snake bent on hypnotizing him. Shaking, he sat his cup on the floor. He dropped to his knees in front of the mountain man and began licking the extra-sensitive underside of the enormous tool.

Ezra stared down in amazement. The stranger's tongue was as long as a lizard's and flicked his cock with an expertise he had never before encountered. A moan of pleasure escaped from his own mouth when he felt the man's open wide and suck in his dick.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed, as he sat down in his chair and spread his legs wide, giving the man easier access to his meat. He'd run across any number of good cocksuckers during his long life, but never any who could equal this! He grinned when he realized that, for the first time in his life, *he* would have payed for this kind of action.

Ezra's wonder became even greater as he watched and felt the man working his mouth until the entire length and width of his dick was completely engulfed. Ethan had never been able to do that, not even after hundreds of times trying. The older man could only gasp at the pleasurable heat and slickness surrounding his meat. He felt the stanger's lips still nibbling as if they were trying to also suck in his balls.

Finally, the stranger came up for air, leaving the entire surface of Ezra's cock wet and gleaming in the fire light. He looked at Ezra with brown eyes like muddy pools. *A man could drown in thos eyes and relish the act*, thought Ezra.

"Who are you?" Ezra whispered. "What are you? Only a snake could unhinge his jaw like that."

It was the stranger's turn to laugh.

"I've been called many things, but never a snake. You can call me Fred."

"Well, Fred," replied Ezra, "get out of those clothes and we can do this properly. Let me shoo these dogs off the bed."

Ezra straightened up the covers while Fred undressed beside the fire. When he turned back to the other man it was to see a body so much like Ethan's that it took his breath away. A broad chest was covered with salt and pepper hair that swirled around pink half dollar nipples, then down across a flat stomach and ended in a thicket at his crotch. Fred's cock was longer than Ethan's and even thicker than his own. A pair of balls swung ponderously below in a heavy looking mass.

The two men came into each other's arms and melted down onto the bed. Their lust was lightning, thundering across a stormy sky. Once again, Ezra felt the pleasures of his youth as they moved into a sixty-nine position. He sucked as much of the man's large tool as he could take while he felt his own being swallowed in tight heat.

Time lost all meaning as they did all of the old familiar things that Ethan had taught him. He eased his enormous dick into Fred's ass. The man's hole was as amazing as his mouth. It seemed to have a life of its own as it stretched and sucked on his cock. When Ezra came, it was not like an eruption at all. It was as if he had crammed his meat into the neck of a volcano and was trying to put out the fire with his spraying semen.

With Ethan, orgasms had always meant the ending of a session. With Fred, they seemed to mean new beginnings. The man pushed Ezra's scrawny legs high into the air then plastered his mouth to the older man's puckered anus. His lizard tongue flicked out and explored the inside of his ass. Ezra writhed in ecstacy as his dick instantly erected and began drooling thin, sticky, clear strings of fluid into his navel. He suddenly realized that you *could* teach an old dog new tricks.

A short time later, Ezra learned exactly how it felt to have a huge prick stuffed up his butt. He could now easily understand why Ethan enjoyed it so much. He didn't know if it felt as good with just any cock. He suspected that Fred's meat was like the rest of him: a thing of magic, capable of bringing joy and pleasure to anything it touched or penetrated. When the giant dick exploded inside him it was like a true eruption. His tool was the volcano, spewing lava deep into the dark cave of Ezra's ass. He was vaguely aware that his own cock had spurted white cum onto his hairy belly! He was so exhausted he could only snuggle back into Fred's encircling arms and finally drift away into sleep.

Ezra opened his eyes to daylight. Fred stood naked in the morning sun coming through the window.

"It's time to go," he said.

"Go!" Ezra quickly sat up. "No, don't leave. Stay here with me, please!"

Fred laughed--a beautiful transcendental laugh, full of tinkling bells.

"You know what I mean. You're coming with me and don't act as if you didn't know who I really was last night."

Ezra grinned. "I knew, but I wasn't sure until you started sucking me. Nobody on earth would be able to suck like that."

Fred held out a big, hairy hand and Ezra took it. He felt better than he had at any time in his life. He stood up and kissed the one-time stranger on the lips.

"What about my dogs?" Ezra asked in sudden consternation. "They need taking care of."

"You can stop worrying," Fred answered. "Miz Marsh is coming by for a potion today. She'll take them home with her. Besides, Miss Poop-eye will be seeing you again soon."

"Really?" Ezra's eyes lit up. "That's good. She was a great rabbit dog in her day."

"Come on now; the others are eagerly waiting for us."

"You mean...." Anticipation made Ezra's voice choke up.

"Stop being coy." Fred's voice was not impatient. Time was nothing more than a broken clock.

Ezra took one last look around the cabin. His eyes briefly noticed the still form of a man under the covers with his dogs snuggled around him.

"Endings are only new beginnings." He laughed like a child. Then, hand in hand, in their beautiful nakedness, they walked through the wall of the cabin out into the wonderful light of a new morning.

***

HEALTH

[Editor's Note: The following articles are strictly for general information and should not be taken as any form of treatment for your condition. Please see your own doctor for any health problems you may have.]

HYPERTENSION
by DOCTOR JACK

Hypertension, or high blood pressure, is a very serious disease; it can be a silent killer because quite often it shows no symptoms. It can become more prevalent as we age.

A blood pressure reading consists of two numbers. The first, or top number, is called the systolic, which is the pressure in the arteries as the heart contracts or beats. The second, or bottom number, is the diastolic, which is the pressure in the arteries as the heart relaxes and fills with blood for the next beat. When we were in our 20s or 30s, 120 over 80 was considered a normal blood pressure reading. Blood pressure rises with age, however, and your doctor could consider that 140 over 90 is normal for you if you are in your 50s, 60s or 70s. There can be some variation in this, but it is essential that the bottom number not be much above 90, or this is considered hypertension. Usually this mild type of hypertension will respond to a change in lifestyle or some type of medication.

Speaking of lifestyles, if you were brought up like I was, you did many things differently than you do today. From a child on up to my teens, I ate a lot of fried foods, such as eggs, bacon or sausage for breakfast, followed by fried meat, potatoes and gravy for dinner. The meat was never trimmed of fat, the chicken was never skinned and there were lots of foods like butter and whole milk. Today, of course, we know that this is all wrong. All these foods contain high levels of cholesterol and, just from all the news in the media, we all know the importance of cholesterol levels in our blood. Eventually the excess cholesterol in the blood can become deposited on the walls of the arteries. If this continues, the arteries become clogged or narrowed. This causes extra work on the heart and the blood pressure can rise as a result.

When I was growing up, all the food was also heavily salted. We didn't realize that excess salt intake can cause the body to retain more water, thus increasing the blood volume and therefore blood pressure. The kidneys normally try to maintain a normal amount of salt (sodium) and water, but with excess sodium, it can't keep up.

Another cause of hypertension can be due to smoking, especially cigarettes. This causes a constriction of the peripheral vessels or smaller arteries. This resistance in the vessels can cause a rise in blood pressure. Smoking is also

known to cause emphysema, chronic obstructive lung disease, bronchitis and even cancer, all of which can cause hypertension.

Alcohol, when used excessively, can eventually cause liver disease, which can also result in hypertension. This is called portal hypertension.

Being overweight very definitely can cause an extra burden on the heart and indirectly cause hypertension. By overweight, I'm talking about 50, 100 or more pounds above normal weight. Going right along with overeating is the lack of exercise. Since our metabolism slows down with age, it is necessary to cut back on eating and get some kind of exercise. It doesn't pay to be a couch potato. Your doctor can tell you the kind of exercise that would be safe for you.

Stress, tension or emotional upsets can also elevate blood pressure. We must try to alleviate stressful situations which get us upset or angry. The rise in pressure sometimes is only momentarily, but at other times can be prolonged, leading to problems.

There are many other causes of hypertension. Some causes even physicians can't explain. However, diseases of the thyroid, pituitary, kidneys and liver may all cause hypertension.

Hypertension can lead to some very serious problems. You could suffer a stroke, or a heart attack or develop congestive heart failure. The brain, eyes, kidneys and other organs could also be affected by damage to the blood vessels caused by hypertension.

In summary, hypertension may develop without any signs or symptoms and sometimes very unexpectedly. It is necessary, therefore, to watch our weight, watch our diet, quit smoking, drink only in moderation or not at all, and exercise within your limits. Above all, get a good checkup periodically. See your doctor and get your blood pressure checked. Have your blood checked for cholesterol and cardiac risk. If your blood pressure is high or your cholesterol is high, your doctor can help you back to normal levels with corrections in your lifestyle or with medication.

Good health to you. Let me know what other subjects you would like discussed.

***

THE OLDER GAY PROSTATE GLAND
by DOCTOR MAC

As we pass our 60th year, many of us begin to notice a slowing and difficulty in urinating. This is often due to swelling or enlargement of the walnut-sized prostate gland, which is positioned at the base of the bladder, where it can obstruct urine emptying into the urethra. The prostate gland can be felt through the front wall of the rectum and that's why your doctor will want to give you a "finger wave" when he does a physical exam. Next time you massage your lover's rectum as he approaches orgasm, feel the gland begin to thicken, draw up, get firmer and begin to spasmodically contract. These contractions produce and propel the semen through the urethra and contribute to the pleasurable sensations.

When I was a young physician and saw a patient beginning to have symptoms of slow urination, it was common practice to perform a rectal exam. I would do a prostate massage by pressing firmly downward in a successively radial fashion to force out excess fluids from the gland. This reduced swelling and also expelled infected secretions, if any. It often relieved the symptoms on a short term basis. But it also seemed to me that there was an easier way to cause the same result. Now, my advice is, "An orgasm a day may keep the prostate at bay." Had I given that advice back in the 50s and 60s, I'd have been drummed out of the profession.

Think about it. The prostate in orgasm can empty itself much better than any doctor's finger and the process is a lot more fun too. Those of you who have regular ejaculations with a sex partner or through masturbation are probably in good shape. Those of you brought up in the 20s, 30s and 40s may still have lingering doubts about the propriety of masturbation, but don't worry about it. It's a natural function, which can be accompanied by wonderful fantasies. It also feels really good, can relieve stress, empties the prostate and can be a loving caress when performed mutually with a lover or friend.

The above covers the most common prostatic symptoms, but there are other symptoms which are more worrisome, such as bleeding during urination. If this happens even once, get thee to your physician at once! Bleeding can be due to anything from a tumor of the bladder to infection of either the bladder or prostate gland, but only a physician can make the diagnosis and thus recommend proper treatment.

I firmly believe that all of us over the age of 55 should have a qualified physician examine our prostate gland by digital rectal exam at lease once a year. Usually, cancer of the prostate has the feel of a very hard nodule and, when in doubt, the doctor can get help by an ultrasound examination or needle biopsy. In this procedure, a needle is inserted into the bladder, a specimen of tissue is aspirated, and the cells examined under a microscope. Cancer of the prostate is one of the more common concerns of older men and one of the most treatable.

Another symptom can be a rather abrupt shutdown of the urinary stream, in which case the bladder cannot empty and becomes over-full and painful. In such cases your doctor or local emergency room can insert a tube called a Foley catheter, which stays in a few days to drain the bladder. It can then be removed and treatment given to allow better flow of urine. In many cases it will sooner or later become necessary to remove at least a part of the gland. This can usually be done by an instrument which passes through the penis and removes a portion of the gland by means of electrocautery. The tissue thus removed is also examined and checked for cancer.

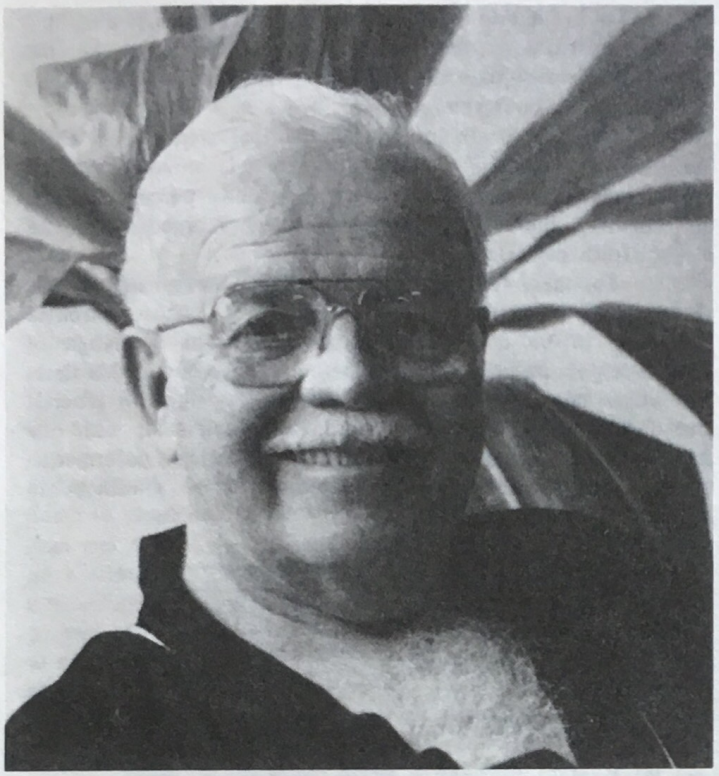
Medication to reduce the size of the gland is now available for outlet obstruction of the bladder. Another treatment is the insertion of a balloon into the urethra with inflation against the gland to compress it outward. A final piece of information that many physicians fail to impart: often, after removal of a part of the prostate for whatever cause, there is a change in the anatomy which causes the semen produced at orgasm to pass into the bladder, instead of outward, through the penis. The result is that the orgasm sensation is pleasurable as always, but no semen is seen. Not to worry! The semen will be expelled with the next urination.

In summary, masturbation is not bad and orgasm is good for the prostate. If you see any blood from your penis or in the urine, see your doctor promptly. After prostatectomy, lack of fluid ejaculated at orgasm may be expected.

If you have found this valuable and interesting, please let Pat and The Friar know what you would like to see covered.

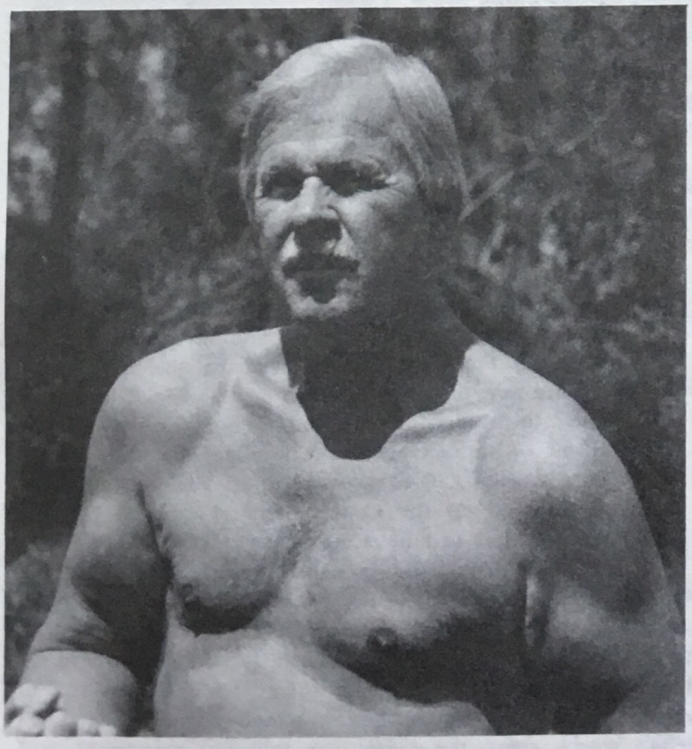
***

A GREAT MASSAGE
BY A 65 YEAR OLD
CHIRON RISING MODEL
Near Mr. Mike's in Los Angeles
Gene -- (213) 660-4812

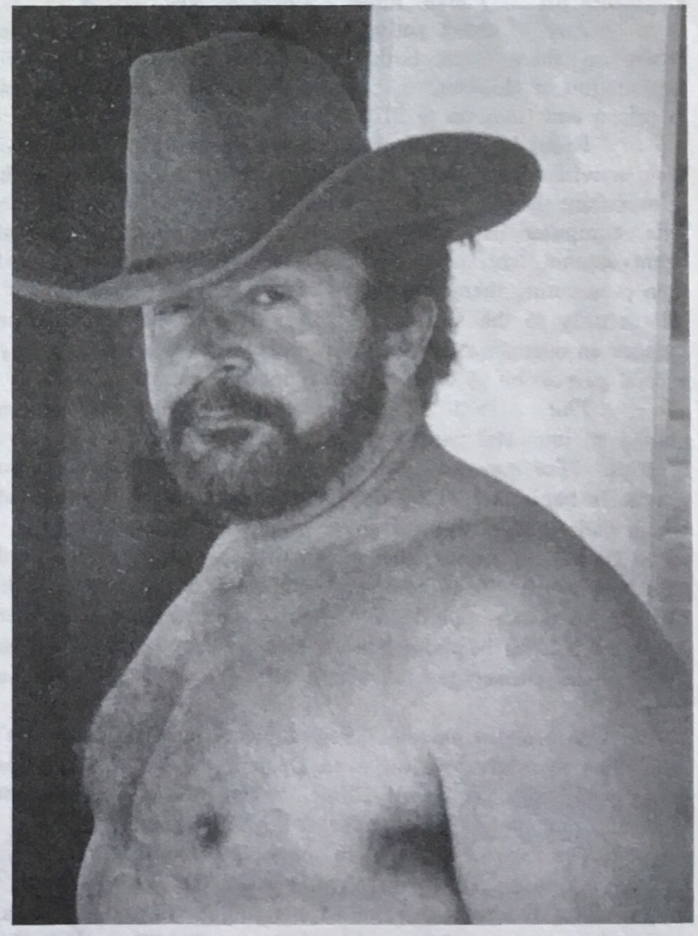


GEORGE I....photo by P.H. COLLEY

GEORGE II....photo by P.H. COLLEY



BIG JOHN....photo by JOHN



GREY GRIZZLY.....photo by ANDRE

LEGAL EAGLE

FEDERAL LAW MAKES EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION ABOUT YOUNG PEOPLE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!

As we all survive another season of "gay pride," evidenced by parades, festivals, shows, and, in general, a celebration of the openness with which we can now (in a majority of states, at least) deal with our love for other guys, a word of caution is needed.

Many of us still prefer the attentions of young men....and in some cases, of underage youths. I recently have been in discussions with several guys from "back east" on one of the electronic bulletin boards (computer link-ups, where we chat with each other and send messages back and forth) about their love for young guys.

The naivete involved is frightening, for, despite "freedom of expression" guaranteed by the First Amendment to our Constitution, federal law makes the exchange of information about sexual activities with persons under age 18 a felony. One indicated a love for guys just at puberty, and thought he could send pictures back and forth safely with people of similar interests in other states. Another chats freely about his attempts to get to "know" a 15 year old neighbor, and maybe take him on trips around the country. One talks about responding to ads in magazines for "boy love" information exchanges.

Any of these activities can bring federal authorities down on them with both feet under claims of "sexual exploitation of children," a felony punishable by up to ten years in prison and fines up to $100,000.

Federal prosecutors in recent years have heightened their activities in tracking down any interstate exchange of such information; they use grand jury subpoena powers to get mailing lists, computer lists, and the like. Many think that federal agents cannot "entrap" them by advertising for information and then prosecuting them, but this is, again, naivete. "Entrapment" relates only to the situation where a law enforcement officer induces an otherwise RELUCTANT person to violate the law, by special persuasion or other improper inducements.

The ADVOCATE recently ran a short story which quoted an immortal passage from Plato expounding on the love of boys: "For they love not boys, but intelligent beings, whose reason is beginning to be developed, much about the time at which their beards begin to grow. And in choosing young men to be their companions, they mean to be faithful to them and pass their whole life in company with them, not to take them in their inexperience and deceive them.....And observe that open loves are held to be more honorable than secret ones, and how great is the encouragement which all the world gives to the lover."

Talk about naivete! Few subjects infuriate "straights" more than man-boy love, or even December-April relationships (among gay men, at least)! "Encouragement" is certainly not typical of our modern world, at least not in this era.

The "age of consent" in some states is 14; 16 in more, and 18 in most. However, anyone under 18 is considered a minor under federal law, and exchanging pictures, addresses, descriptions or other information about "availability" of youths under 18 for sexually related purposes is punishable under federal law. And there are a lot of zealots out there trying their damnedest to round up everyone who would so "molest" a child.

At this point, federal law is far more dangerous than the law of almost any state in suppressing and punishing exchange of information about young people.

I hasten to emphasize that the vast majority of "child molestations" involve females, usually victimized by male family members. But that is not the public perception, nor, unfortunately, that of the federal prosecutors urged on by the Reagan-Bush mentality.

For these reasons, please recognize that no matter how you may "love not boys, but intelligent beings, whose reason is beginning to be developed" ....publication or exchange of information about such love is extremely dangerous at this time. The federal courts are hardly supportive of gay rights in general, and the First Amendment is taking the back seat, with our present Supreme Court, as least where exchange of information which could lead to "sexual exploitation of a minor" is suspected.

***

KENN RICHIE

THE EASY WAY TO CARE

Is evra-buddee happy?!

A senior gay man hasn't a care in the world; no one ever gives him a bad time or threatens his rights. Ummmm Hmmmmm, sure. But, we've paid our dues and fought for our freedoms. Now it's our turn to sit back and let someone else take care of the constant dangers of discrimination, censorship, suppression of our rights, anti-gay violence, matters such as AIDS research and patient care, or any and every such need. Legislation is forever being proposed to stab us in the guts one way or another. Folks like Jesse Helms just keep rollin' along, but now that we're a bit older, we don't have to worry about a thing. We'll let the younger ones care for our problems. Groups like ACT UP really contribute to our quest for dignity, right? Besides, don't we all see how much the younger guys care for us and respect us for being the ones who got our butts kicked so they could enjoy their gay pride?

Let's *ruby slipper* back to Kansas. The problems and the needs are many and there are things we can and must do to protect ourselves. The notion that our juniors are going to do it for us is pure hogwash.

I enjoyed a potpourri of emotions from hysterical laughter to seething anger recently, when I was given a brochure that offered me an easy way to do something about on-going political struggles. For years, I've believed that the best thing I could do about a new threat or injustice on an official level was to write. First, to my Senators and Representatives, maybe even to the President, or, to Sacramento (in my case) if it were a state issue. Secondly, letters to editors and to friends, alerting them and urging them to do the same. Now, I've been given a brochure that promises to relieve me of the task!

For a fee of just less than three dollars each, a message with my name will be sent to the proper politico. It will be in the form of a mailgram for an additional two bucks, and those will be charged to my phone bill. There is a minimum order of three, but I am urged to sign up for at least ten or fifteen, and, of course, my additional contribution would be appreciated. I needn't worry about the issue; I'm told my messaages will express concern about any gay rights issue that comes along. I don't even have to have anything to say about the matter in

question, because the service will care for that. In fact, I won't even know what the hell I am talking about. Luxury. This is the greatest convenience since microwave popcorn.

Before looking closer at this brochure, however, please let me take a moment to comment on the idea of "Write Your Congressman" as it is practiced today. There is probably no more essential action one can take in response to a threatening new proposition or a serious case of injustice. It is not only important, it is one's duty to let one's opinions be known. Occasionally, there are protest groups which will prepare a letter for you to sign, making the process a bit more convenient. When received, petitions are counted, and the number of signees of pre-printed (or a copied text) letters are tallied. These figures DO INFLUENCE your representatives. Special attention, however, is given to personal letters that offer your own opinions on the issue in question. They may be reviewed and sorted by staff members, obviously. The President doesn't walk down to check his mailbox every morning. But, all letters are read and carefully considered. Any and every letter writer may have stressed a point that the form letters or petitions have overlooked. These notes then arm the politician with more, perhaps stronger, material to use should he or she be called on to argue for your position. Your personal letter, perhaps simply in the way you coin a phrase, might provide a watchcry for an important battle. You too could be a bumper sticker. Personal letters are read and taken very seriously.

Now, this brochure offers to send my message for me. These will, no doubt, be received in the same manner as a form letter or a petition. There's no harm in that, surely, and it's better than silence on a serious issue. Yet, for three dollars, I could accomplish as much with a postcard that said nothing more than whether or not I was in favor of a proposed bill. I'd still have more than two bucks that I could give, more directly, to the cause. Further, with a postcard, I'd know what question I was addressing. It would not be chosen for me.

The brochure certainly looks official, and the term "human rights" is used often, yet nowhere could I find the phrase "non-profit organization." There is a tiny illustration in red ink that looks rather like an approved charity I.D. card, but it is not.

Finally, in small red print at the very end of the last page, I was told that the brochure was made possible by a generous grant from a company I recognized as one which owns and operates a network of 97 phone sex services. While the brochure urges me to save lives by campaigning for such vital issues as AIDS funding, I cannot help but think of some of the legislation pending to curb those 97 call outfits. I thought that plan to charge mailgrams to my phone bill was inspired.

I am not urgently concerned about 97 phone sex, save within my overall anti-censorship views. To me, its problems are things that should be solved by the companies themselves, and it would only be a gay rights issue if it threatened a censorship that could spill over to affect our rights to speech and privacy. I do not, at this time, regard it as an issue I'd anxiously write to my Congressman about or donate money to fight.

Ahhh, but it is so convenient! I could send in my money, then lounge back with my microwave popcorn and let these younger gay men take care of things. We senior gays haven't a care in the world.

***

A NEW CHAPTER OF PRIME TIMERS
IS NOW FORMING IN TEXAS!!
CONTACT: WOODY BALDWIN
P.O. BOX 436,
MANCHACA, TX 78652

© RADER '89

ANNOUNCEMENTS

[Editor's Note: One of our pioneer subscribers, Charlie Madison in L.A., has graciously agreed to be the coordinator for lodging at Mardi Gras '90 in New Orleans. He has been talking with the famous BOURBON-ORLEANS HOTEL and has found that they would love to have a group of Silver Centaurs. Here's the offer:]

THE BOURBON-ORLEANS HOTEL is a modern, up-to-date hotel located in the heart of the French Quarter in New Orleans. In fact, it's a block away from the GOOD FRIENDS BAR. The BOURBON-ORLEANS offers daily amenities (soap, shampoo, toothpaste, etc.) and fresh towels. A daily newspaper is offered free at the front desk until they run out. There's room service for food and drinks. There is a good bar and a wonderful restaurant right in the hotel at reasonable prices. Parking is available. During Mardi Gras, for your own protection, entrance to the hotel is only allowed with a room key or a pass that's been issued to you. Of course, you may have guests. There's always a doorman and plenty of bellhops. There's no porterage charge for bag handling by the hotel. Tipping is up to you. The staff at the BOURBON-ORLEANS is very friendly and courteous. Be good to them and they'll be very good to you.

Rates for the rooms are as follows:

Single or Double Occupancy

One queen size bed - standard	$150/night
Two twin size beds - standard	$155/night
One king size or twin deluxe	$165/night
Junior Suites	$185/night
Townhouse Suites	$225/night
Townhouse Suites w/balcony	$325/night

Add 11.5% tax. Add $15 each additional person (third person and up).

One night's deposit is required to hold your reservation and the sooner that's done the better off we'll all be. Your check should be made out to the BOURBON-ORLEANS HOTEL and sent to Charlie Madison, 11869 Missouri Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025. Please furnish the names of the parties staying in your room. Any questions, please call (213) 826-1876. Evenings are better. Also Saturday and Sunday mornings.

THIS IS THE FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT. ACT QUICKLY.

***

Today, we're one step closer to the reality of a world-wide gay travel guide for Silver Centaurs. ACOLYTE PRESS announces that they have begun compiling information on places of interest to older men and their admirers. As this information is received, it will be incorporated into publications in progress and updates of existing publications. If enough information is compiled, they will publish a world guide for the exclusive use of older men and their admirers. In order to expedite this project, ACOLYTE PRESS is currently requesting information from our readers. They state: "One major difficulty is to find older gays who have the time and are willing to write to us and give us the benefit of their considerable knowledge. We find that older gays are usually far more objective and far more careful (with respect to exact addresses and telephone numbers) than some of our younger contributors." Okay, readers, you now have an opportunity to help make a difference. Let's all get together and write to these good people at the address below and fill them in. Tell your friends to do the same. Let's make the dream a reality!

For those of you who aren't familiar with ACOLYTE PRESS, they currently publish the best international guide books on the market:

--BEST GUIDE TO AMSTERDAM & BENELUX VENUES
--BEST GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN
--BEST GUIDE TO ASIA, AUSTRALASIA & SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS
--BEST GUIDE TO THE NORTH PACIFIC & ORIENT

Currently in preparation:

--BEST GUIDE TO MEDITERRANEAN LANDS
--BEST GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

If you are familiar with the gay scenes for older men in any of the areas to be included in the above new books, please contact ACOYLTE PRESS. They are more than willing to publish such information and contributors are thanked with a complimentary copy of the guide of their choice. To contribute information, contact: ACOLYTE PRESS, P.O. Box 12731, NL - 1100 AS Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS. For more information on where to obtain copies of the BEST GUIDE series, contact the above address, or contact their North American distributor: INLAND BOOK COMPANY, INC., 254 Bradley Street, East Haven, CT 06512.

***

In the SWAN December 87 issue, we carried a full page ad for fine reproductions of RAM drawings. In spite of RAM's immense popularity, reader response was very disappointing, so we discontinued the ad in embarrassment. Later the flood of familiar letters started again, requesting RAM artwork suitable for framing. Naturally, we fell for it (just like we did with the t-shirts and caps) and decided to try again. So here we are, six months into our latest offer and, again, the results are disappointing. Lots of people sent for the brochure, but they've sat on their hands since, leaving us with a sizeable financial loss -something we can ill afford. Rumor has it that some readers think we're overcharging. Two things, therefore:

1. Next time you have prints made, ask your photo finisher how much an 11 X 17 blowup costs, then figure a great artist's cut, handling expense, mailing tube expense, postage expense, our cut (surprise! we have overhead expenses), etc.

2. If this venture doesn't begin to sell by August 31st, RAM's original artwork will privately go on sale for MUCH, MUCH more, and reproductions will never be seen again. RAM has never received a dime for the reproduction rights to the drawings he's done for us. He's donated the rights because he believes in us and wants to see us survive. If you were RAM, what would YOU do after being snubbed TWICE by CHIRON RISING readers?

***

One of our Kentucky subscribers, already legally blind, has been hit with another health problem: diabetes. Now that his eyesight has deteriorated further, he can only decipher block letters of least 1/2 inch high, which deprives him of reading CHIRON RISING, his favorite magazine. We are therefore seeking C-R readers who will send him cassette recorded readings of parts of our issues. If you are interested in performing this very considerate deed, please write him and become a volunteer reader. Just remember to write in block letters at least 1/2 inch high. Write: Hugh Hampton, Route 61, Box 90, Turkey Creek, KY 41570.

***

Yes, there is something new under the bridge: THE GOLDEN GATE CONNECTION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. On May 20, 1989, a group of chubbies, chasers, talls, shorts, young and some not so young met and formed a new social club. The

GOLDEN GATE CONNECTION puts out a publication called The CONNECTION and a pen pal newsletter called The CONNECTING ROD. They'd like to exchange newsletters with other clubs. Mert Carman, their President (a Silver Centaur, by the way) says, "We know that we can be a connection of great value to visitors from all parts of this great nation when they visit San Francisco, this beautiful entertainment center on the West Coast." See their ad in this issue.

BEST GUIDE®
A GROWING FAMILY OF GAY GUIDES!

BEST GUIDE® now has four titles for the gay male traveler, two dealing with favourite European destinations, and two dealing with the Asia-Pacific-Orient area. Ask for the guides at your nearest gay bookstore, or write to the publisher for a catalog.

Best Guide to the North Pacific & Orient 1989/90
ISBN 90-6971-015-3

Best Guide to Asia, Australasia & South Pacific Is. 1989/90
ISBN 90-6971-012-9

Best Guide to Great Britain 1987
ISBN 90-6971-005-6

Best Guide to Amsterdam & Benelux Venues 1988/89
ISBN 90-6971-011-0

BEST GUIDE
66 N.Z. Voorburgwal (Suite 94)
NL-1012 SC Amsterdam, The Netherlands

WARNING

We have received disturbing news that a few of our subscribers have been victimized by non-subscribing readers who pass themselves off as subscribers. These creeps answer ads in C-R and take advantage of some of our more trusting and lonely subscribers by promising them love and devotion in return for monetary favors. Some of these imposters are inmates, but many aren't. If you feel that you have been ripped off, please contact us and fill us in. We might be able to help you out. If you are suspicious of someone, check with us and we'll let you know if that person is a subscriber. NEVER GIVE MONEY TO SOMEONE YOU'VE NEVER MET. Know the man before you give him money and make him sign a promisory note.

Please be advised that, because of recent charges of scams operating out of Prisons in Indiana, New York and Louisiana, we have cancelled all inmate subscriptions and severed all ties to inmate contributors of material. Perhaps this might seem rather unfair to the majority of honest inmates, but things just got out of hand. Nine times we offered help to an inmate and nine times we were deceived. Suffice it to say that our WARNING in last issue brought several victims out of the closet, along with a couple of vague (yet sobering) inmate threats, which were taken seriously and reported to the proper authorities. Those of you who've fallen in love by mail with an inmate you've never met, and have made preparations for the inmate to come and live with you after release, please contact us. We'll bring you back to reality by placing you in touch with others who have been burned--probably by the same inmate.

IN ORDER TO HELP US PUT A HALT TO THESE SCAMS, WE REQUEST THAT ALL SUSPICIOUS CORRESPONDENCE FROM INMATES BE FORWARDED TO US FOR EVALUATION OF BULL SHIT TECHNIQUE AND HANDWRITING.

***

CAMPING WITH ED AND EDDIE

PRIME TIMERS
New York Metro Area Chapter

is an organization dedicated to the social, intellectual, cultural and sexual needs of older Gay & Bi men and their admirers. Socials are held two weekend afternoons a month at Sloan House on West 34th Street, as well as a variety of other activities, including house parties, theatre groups, rap groups, day or weekend trips, games, dining out, nude parties, massage workshops, video parties, etc. For information, write: PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 291, Midtown Sta., New York, NY 10018, or call: (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

BIG BUBBA
by John Breadstill

"Hold it right there!" I said. Clicking the shutter on my camera, light flashed like light ning, bouncing off the stark backdrop between the whirling sounds of advancing film.

The model froze. Bending slightly forward, stretching his arms with his wrists resting on the back of a bentwood chair, he posed, one leg and bare foot propped up on its seat.

Through the lens of my camera I caught his profile: a man in his early forties, medium build, dark hair shortly cropped , contained by a baseball cap. His upper lip sprouted a riotous, slightly graying moustache. Bare chested and hairy, he was naked except for a jersey-like jock, slung over his buttocks with long straps stretching over his shoulders; and, of course, he wore sunglasses. Sunglasses gave a mirror image of the world before them, revealing nothing from behind, providing the wearer a cover of nonchalance. He gave the impression of being aloof, detached from what was going on around him. All contestants were required to wear these sunglasses.

Contestants? I thought. More like sacrificial lambs. This one's too good for the raping and carnage of Big Bubba.

Muffled sounds of a boisterous crowd billowed down the long hallway to the cramped back room where I had set up my impromptu photographer's studio: lights, a white paper backdrop and the chair. I moved. My camera lens caught his fleshy buttocks jetting out from beneath the jock-strap, its silky pouch holding his cock and balls, nestled between his legs and hidden from my view. His back arched and his muscular shoulders and arms hung forward, draping his wri sts and clinched fists over the back of the chair. God, what a beauty!

Huge crowds came nightly and a lot of the fellows were regular spectators now. The reputation of Big Bubba spread in whispers: "No one's gotten the best of him yet," and "No one's been able to fuck him!" Big Bubba was fascinated, held captive by the crowd and they, in turn, were captivated by him. Often gripped with fear and displaying intense hatred of him, nonetheless, they were spellbound by his naked sexuality. Big Bubba stirred something within everyone who watched him --something primeval. "Look at him," whispered someone in the crowd. "Hear him? He's just incarnate."

Contestants came almost nightly now--young men, older ones, too, to spar with Big Bubba in the arena. They had heard about his prowess and the rumors of the enormity of his cock varied with the imagination of the teller. Most were sure they could take him and, in return, mount him. Nightly they came to The Sparing Bar to try their luck.

Big Bubba never allowed me to photograph him. My job was to photograph the contestants--sort of before and after pictures--although I never took any of the contestants *after* a bout. My portraits of them lined the walls of the tavern, a growing gallery attesting the sexual conquests of Big Bubba.

"I can't believe he's really fucked all those guys," a newly hired bartender whispered to me one night as we stood in the back of the arena, watching Big Bubba sparing with a young fellow.

"No one's got the best of him yet," I said, though I was thinking of the night a contestant actually walked away from the arena on his own two feet.

That night a riotous crowd had waited restlessly, drinking pitchers of beer and red ale in the dimly lit, smoke -filled part of the bar known as the "arena." The din came roaring down the hallway, louder and louder, as the minutes went by during my photographing session. Cory, a young man in his late twenties, popular with the noisy crowd, posed for me. He was slight, muscular, handsome. Clean shaven, smooth skinned, he was an all-American boy. I finished photographing him and followed him and his escorts down the hall. The crowd cheered when they saw him enter the arena to spar with Big Bubba.

Out of nowhere, Big Bubba suddenly appeared. He snorted! He was naked as usual, his cock already hard. A bullish man, his massive neck and belly were supported by solid, muscular legs. Black curls fringing his balding head seemed out of place with the neatly trimmed moustache perched above his thick lips. Cheeks full of color, his tiny dark eyes flashed vacuously from thickly hooded sockets. He dominated the arena. He was proud of his thick, horse-like cock and his insatiable sexual appetite.

Flexing his biceps he strutted around the arena. The crowd went wild. He turned. Snorting, he rushed over to Cory, enfolding the young man in his arms. He picked him straight up. Cory struggled to get free, kicking his legs. In one smooth movement, Big Bubba threw Cory down, stripping off the boy's jock-strap before he hit the mat. Swinging it over his head, Big Bubba flung it into the crowd. The crowd went wild again. Scrambling after the jock-strap and fighting to get possessions of it, they tore it to bits.

Cory lay naked on the mat. His throat muscles strained as he gasped for air. With each gulping breath, his rib cage heaved as though it would break through his chest. Beads of sweat broke out on his body. Excited by Big Bubba's rough manhandling, his skin flushed. His penis stiffened. The crowd went mad, shoving and pushing to get a closer look at him.

Watching the young man's cock, Big Bubba's eyes rounded and his nostrils flared. He snorted. Excitement sent waves down his spine, shaking his whole body. He flung himself on Cory, pinning him to the mat with a massive belly. Slowly grinding his pelvis, Big Bubba rubbed his crotch in Cory's face. Using his brute strength to pry Cory's legs apart, he licked the young man's cock and balls with as much tenderness as a mother cat washes her offspring.

Cory moaned. His temperature peaked, sending a flood of sweat pouring off his body. His cock spurted pre-cum; he was ready. Parting his lips, he sucked in what he could of Big Bubba's penis.

The warmth of Cory's mouth excited Big Bubba. He grunted. He pushed his cock further in and down Cory's throat. As his excitement mounted, he vigorously increased his thrusts until his balls were thumping Cory's forehead and dangling in his eyes.

Cory gagged. He was choked by the thickness and eagerness of Big Bubba's cock; tears streamed down his cheeks. Suffocating under Big Bubba's crushing weight, Cory struggled desperately to get free. With an instant burst of strength, Cory slid from beneath Big Bubba. Gasping for air, he crawled to a corner of the arena. He slowly recovered and struggled to his feet. He stood hunched over, panting for breath, his muscular body glistening with sweat. Someone in the crowd dashed him with a pitcher of beer.

In an instant, Big Bubba was on his feet, prancing around the arena flexing his massive arms. The crowd booed. He shook his huge, white-knuckled fist at the young man. Thrusting his pelvis back and forth, his cock lunged threateningly at Cory. Turning towards the crowd, Big Bubba clinched his rock-hard cock in his fist, engorging its veins and

GATOR.....photo by DENNIS WATSON

stretching its skin taut. He shook it at the crowd. They watched breathlessly silent. He pulled his cock through his fist; its shiny-smooth, purple head swelled twice its normal size. A copious flood of seminal fluid drooled from its opening; the crowd drooled with desire.

While Big Bubba had his back turned, showing off to the crowd, Cory saw his chance. Leaping across the arena, he landed, straddling Big Bubba's backside. The crowd went wild. The impact spun them both around the arena. Big Bubba reached one hand over his back, pulling Cory off by the nape of the neck. Hoisting the young man over his head, he caught hold of one of the cheeks of his ass with his other hand. Again, he paraded around the arena, this time holding Cory up high; his cock stood straight up, his balls dangling before the crowd. The crowd was ecstatic!

Instead of dashing Cory to the mat as he did with other contestants, he flung him up in the air, spinning him around so that they were face to face. He caught Cory coming down and folded him in an embrace. Letting Cory's body slip through his arms, he gently and softly laid him down on the mat.

Big Bubba mounted him. His massive belly pinned Cory's legs over his head, exposing his ass. Cory yearned to be taken; he wanted to feel Big Bubba's cock inside him. Feeling the tip of Big Bubba's cock penetrating his ass, he relaxed, letting go.

Big Bubba grunted. He rammed his penis deeply into Cory, who winced with pain and moaned with pleasure. Big Bubba's thrust force and crushing weight pressed Cory's knees into his face, shoving the sunglasses from his eyes.

Once mounted, Big Bubba would fuck a guy's ass, watching his own cock, sliding in and out, reflected in the mirror-image sunglasses. When the contestant passed out from fatigue and sheer exhaustion, Big Bubba would withdraw his cock. Proudly facing the audience with one foot on the limp body of the contestant, he would spew his semen. The crowd, roaring wildly, would dash pitchers of beer into the arena, drenching Big Bubba and reviving his opponent.

This time, however, rather than seeing a reflection of himself, Big Bubba looked sqarely into Cory's eyes. He saw in them stark terror, strangely mixed with pleasure. He snorted and shook his head. Beads of sweat pelted Cory's face, stinging his eyes; tears rolled down his cheeks. Big Bubba's face flushed with rage and dislike; he grunted. With disdain, he withdrew his roaring-hard cock.

Stalking out of the arena, Big Bubba moved roughly and quickly through the crowd. He knocked away spectators and fans who tried to embrace him; his penis swung wildly. He barged down the back hallway, disappearing into his dressing room.

Cory lay on the mat. Writing with pain, he bemoaned his unattained climax. He struggled to his feet. The crowd cheered and dashed him with beer. Helped by a couple of friends, he staggered out of the arena and made his way down the back hallway to the recovery cot.

No one yet has mounted Big Bubba and taken him, but, at least, Cory was able to walk away from the fray.

My camera suddenly quit whirling and jolted me back to the present.....Out of film... Damn! The din of the waiting crowd grew louder. Not much time before they'll be here to get him. I put my camera down. Again sizing up my model, I was enamored by his manly beauty. I felt my cock stiffen and unzipped my pants to let myself freely enlarge. I stepped up behind him, slipping my hand along the crack of his ass, pulling his hairs teasingly as I reached into the jersey pouch. Feeling his balls, I weighed them in my palm.

Withdrawing my hand, I slipped my cock along the crack of his ass. Reaching around him I slid both my hands inside his jersey jock-strap. Softly pulling his pubic hair, I pressed my palms into his belly. I reached again for his balls and this time his cock. He leaned back in my arms. My moustache nuzzled his ear and my nose brushed the side of his head.

I liked smelling him. Sweat mixed faintly with the smell of after shave--the kind that my father used on Sundays and special dress-up occasions, when I was a boy. I kissed the back of his neck and gently whispered in his ear, "Woof!"

"Woof?" he said.

"Yeah," I said, "woof!"

Delighted, he went limp, nestling in my arms. Whispering playful growls in his ear, I kissed whatever part of him brushed against my lips. I savored the salty tasting beads of sweat on his neck, wetting my lips and tongue.

"Turn around," I said. When he did, I took his cock from its flimsy restraint and held it with mine; both were fully erect. I pressed my forehead to his.

Pulling away, he raised his glasses to look at me. His eyes were wide, deeply blue, softened around the edges. Their expression mixed fear and disbelief.

"Uhh...a..Bubba?" he said.

"No," I said, "I'm not Big Bubba."

Puzzled, his expression changed to bewilderment.

"Oh," he said, shading his eyes again.

I thought of the expression his eyes would have when they brought him back. I thought of how they'd carry him back, half-conscious, battered, bruised and even bleeding. He'd be exhausted, covered with sweat, smelling of cigarette smoke, stale beer and semen. Then he'd lie on the cot in the corner of the back room, recovering from the ordeal. I thought of the expressions I had seen in other guys' eyes after a bout with Big Bubba. I could hear them moaning with the slightest move as they lay on the cot in the corner of my make-shift studio. I looked away so that he couldn't see my concern welling up in my telltale eyes.

"I need some photos of you fully erect," I lied, "but I do want to be your friend."

"Friends first?" he said, joking nervously.

"Yeah," I said, "friends first."

I heard the din of the waiting crowd grow suddenly louder for a second, as though the hallway door had opened. I listened. Footsteps were coming down the hall. I quickly pulled myself back in my pants and zipped up.

"When you've had enough," I whispered, as the footsteps grew louder. "Remove your sunglasses."

"Huh?" he said.

Breaking away from him, I retrieved my camera and held it between me and the opening door. "When you've had enough of Big Bubba," I whispered emphatically, "take off those damned sunglasses!"

***

Offices, Houses

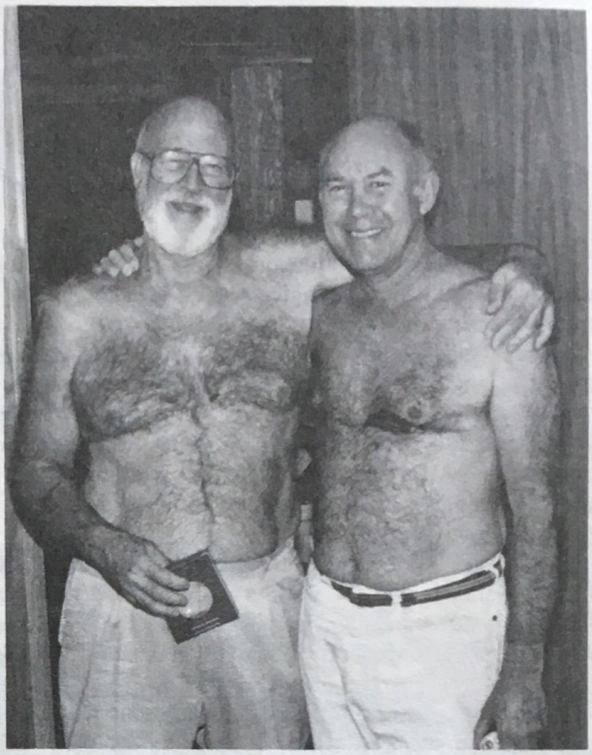
Lofts, Store

TEDDY BEAR APT. CLEANERS
255 W. 14th Street • New York 10011

212 989-5256

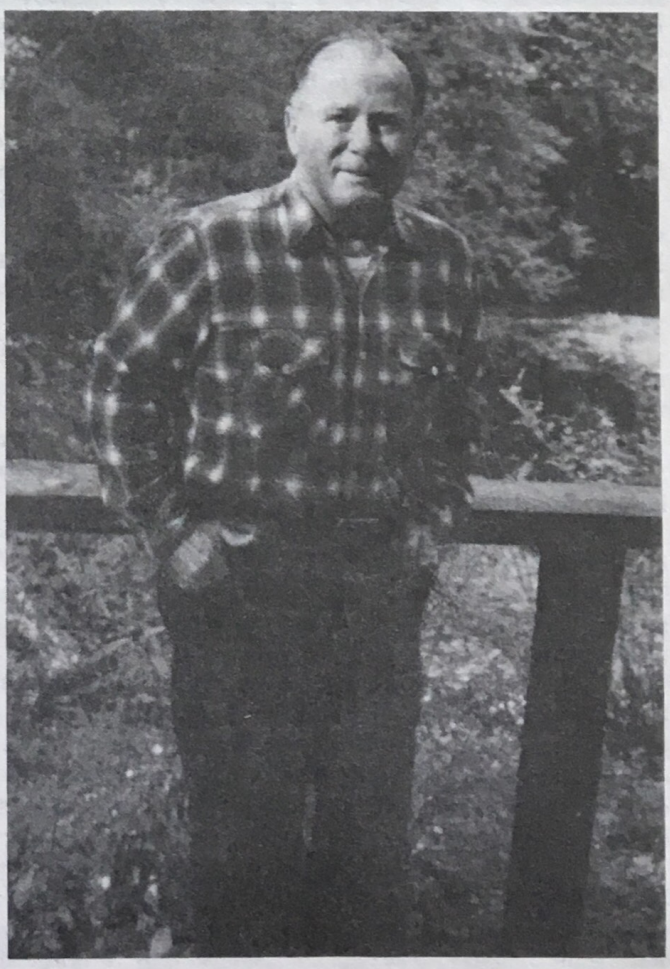
Joseph J. Sozzi

SEAN AND WOODY...photo by KENT JUSTICE



C.J. VISITS THE COLONEL...
photo by KENT JUSTICE

SILVER II.....photo by A.H.



EX-LOGGER.....photo by JOHN

AIDS BIOWARFARE

by Alan Cantwell Jr., M.D.

Was the "introduction" of AIDS a mere accident of nature, or is AIDS a biological experiment to rid the world of homosexuals, blacks and other "undesirables?" Ever since the AIDS epidemic became "official" in June 1981, there have been persistent underground rumors that AIDS is a man-made epidemic with a genetically engineered (HIV) virus which was deliberately introduced into American gays and African blacks for diabolic purposes. Although many people poo-poo such ideas as paranoid thinking, there is circumstantial evidence that supports the AIDS germ warfare theory.

The "official" story supplied by the top AIDS expert, Robert Gallo, is that the AIDS virus originated in African green monkeys and somehow "jumped Species" into African blacks. From there it supposedly spread to Manhattan via the Haitian connection.

By repeating this story hundreds of times, government agencies and the media have turned the official monkey story into "fact." For some reason, the experts and the media are silent about certain facts about AIDS that don't fit the "official" story.

AIDS in America traces back to hepatitis B experiments that were performed on thousands of gay volunteers between the years 1978-1981. The experiment began in Manhattan in November, 1978, when over 1,000 homosexuals and bisexuals were injected with the experimental vaccine. To be eligible for the experiment, the men had to be young, healthy, promiscuous, and under the age of 40. Most of the men chosen were white.

Three months after the experiment began at the New York City Blood Center, the first AIDS case was discovered in a young white Manhattan gay. Beginning in March, 1980, similar vaccine experiments took place in Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, Denver, and Chicago. In the fall of 1980, the first AIDS case was reported in a young, white San Francisco gay man.

A CDC report in August, 1981, of the first 26 AIDS cases showed that all were gay and previously healthy; 20 were from Manhattan; 6 were from Los Angeles and San Francisco; 25 were white; the average age was 39; and most were well-educated. This is essentially the epidemiologic profile of gays who were injected in the hepatitis B study.

The experiment was directed by Wolf Szmuness, M.D., a Pole who was taken prisoner by the Russians in World War Two, and sent to Siberia. After the war, he was trained as a medical doctor in the Soviet Union. He returned to Poland and defected from the communists in 1969. Arriving penniless in New York City, he got a job as a lab technician at the NYC Blood Center. Within a decade he was made Professor of Epidemiology at Columbia University, and was placed in charge of the gay hepatitis study. Through State Department connections he was allowed to return to Moscow to speak as a hepatitis expert. Szmuness died in 1982 from cancer.

In the decade before AIDS, the cancer virologists were busy learning how to transfer viruses from one animal species to another, in order to create a cancer-causing virus that could destroy the immune system. The purpose was to artificially create cancer in the laboratory. Thus, the laboratory virologists discovered how to make animal viruses "jump species." These genetically engineered animal viruses "jumped species" when researchers planted them into cancerous human cell cultures. Some of the people involved in deliberately infecting animals with cancer-causing and immunosuppressive viruses were later put in charge of the CDC-sponsored hepatitis B trials, which used gay men as guinea pigs.

The virologists were aware of the possibility that one of these dangerous, altered cancer viruses might escape from their high-tech labs. Nevertheless, the researchers were determined to prove that animal cancer viruses could cause human cancer. In 1973 a Biohazard Conference convened in Asilomar, California. The purpose was to set up government agencies and epidemiologic "cohorts" of people, in the event that one of these genetically engineered viruses escaped from the laboratory.

A few years later, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles gays who volunteered for the hepatitis vaccine experiments became the cohorts the government scientists required to prove the spread of the cancer-causing, animal-derived AIDS virus into the gay community. Strangely, no virologist has ever mentioned the possibility that AIDS could have come from a lab virus forced to "jump species."

The green monkey theory has recently been challenged by some expert virologists who believe HIV is more closely related to animal viruses, such as bovine leukemia virus and sheep visna virus. The public has been told that AIDS originated in Africa years ago. As proof, the experts originally claimed that old, stored African blood were "positive" for AIDS. Later, these tests were shown to be false-positive.

The fact is that AIDS cases in Africa and in Haiti started to appear around the same time that gay cases were reported in Manhattan. Furthermore, a study of old, sexually-inactive people in Kampala, Uganda, were tested. None showed HIV infection, proving that AIDS has not been around "for years" in central Africa.

On May 11, 1987, *The London Times* carried a cover story connecting the World Health Organization's African smallpox vaccine programs with the outbreak of AIDS in central Africa. Even Robert Gallo agreed that the WHO vaccine program, which inoculated millions of blacks, could have awakened the "dormant" AIDS virus. This extremely important story was killed in America, and the story never appeared on TV or in any major newspaper.

The idea of AIDS as a biological experiment is not without precedent. Over the past few decades, there is proof that government agencies have repeatedly exposed people to biological agents in secret experiments authorized by government agencies.

The most well-known and notorious experiment was performed on poor Alabama blacks infected with syphilis. In this Tuskegee experiment, the racist doctors wanted to determine what would happen to black men if they were not treated for syphilis. The physicians wanted to "follow" the progress of the infection until the men died, and autopsies were required. The doctors told the men they had "bad blood." The men were never told they had syphilis, and curative penicillin treatment was never offered. As a result, the men unknowingly spread syphilis to their wives, lovers, and children. This experiment was conducted under the auspices of the U.S. Public Health Service for forty years (1932-1972).

Lack of space prohibits further discussion of the circumstantial evidence that indicates AIDS was "introduced" onto the planet for diabolical purposes, and then covered-up in the same way that the "final solution" against the Jews was concealed by world government leaders.

The "official" African monkey story does not adequately explain how a black African heterosexual epidemic could have

transformed itself into a white homosexual epidemic in Manhattan. Or how could AIDS have started in Africa and in New York City at the same time?

Why did the experts initially insist that AIDS was a "gay" disease, when there is no infectious agent that appears in male homosexuals only? Why do AIDS experts avoid all serious discussion of AIDS as a biowarfare experiment? Why is genocide impossible in America, but possible in China, Cambodia, Germany, Iran, Argentina, Ethiopia, and countless other countries in modern history?

The idea of AIDS as a man-made epidemic is not an impossibility. It is time to question the "official" monkey story, and to demand that the "experts" give us the real truth about the origin of AIDS.

***

[Editor's Note: Alan Cantwell, Jr., M.D., is a dermatologist and an AIDS/cancer researcher. He is the author of AIDS: THE MYSTERY AND THE SOLUTION (1984), and AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH: AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE AIDS EPIDEMIC (1988), available from Aries Rising Press, P.O. Box 29532, Los Angeles, CA 90029. For other books and tapes on AIDS biowarfare, call Jack Carpenter (800-232-2292) tollfree; or the Strecker Group, (213) 977-0901. Literature on biowarfare issues can be obtained by writing the Committee for Responsible Genetics, 186 South Street, Boston, MA 02111.]

MEET NEW PEOPLE & MAKE NEW FRIENDS

A PRIVATE CLUB FOR BIG MEN AND THEIR ADMIRERS
ALL AGES • ALL SIZES

FOR MORE INFO CALL (in Calif.) (415) 334-5971
TOLL FREE CALL – 1-800-752-8840 (9 to 5 Pacific time)

OR WRITE: GOLDEN GATE CONNECTION – P.O. BOX 2328-C, DALY CITY, CA 94015

DATA-BOY PRINTING

"YOUR FULL-SERVICE PRINTER"

PRINTING ▪ GRAPHIC DESIGN ▪ TYPESETTING

7512 SANTA MONICA BLVD ▪ WEST HOLLYWOOD CA 90046
213 ▪ 656 ▪ 2960

CELEBRITY CIRCUMCISION

A 16-YEAR STUDY
REVEALS THE CUT/UNCUT STATUS OF
1700 CELEBRITIES

Information gathered by hundreds of men, drawn together by intense interest in subject & representing both sides of circumcision controversy. Detailed reports on "sightings", & their own personal experiences growing up cut or uncut provide exciting material presented in:

QUARTERLY NEWSLETTERS

Which also include nude photos, travel tips, self-stimulation techniques, & many other items of interest. For copy of LIST OF 1700 CELEBRITIES, send $7. For sample newsletter, add $5. more:

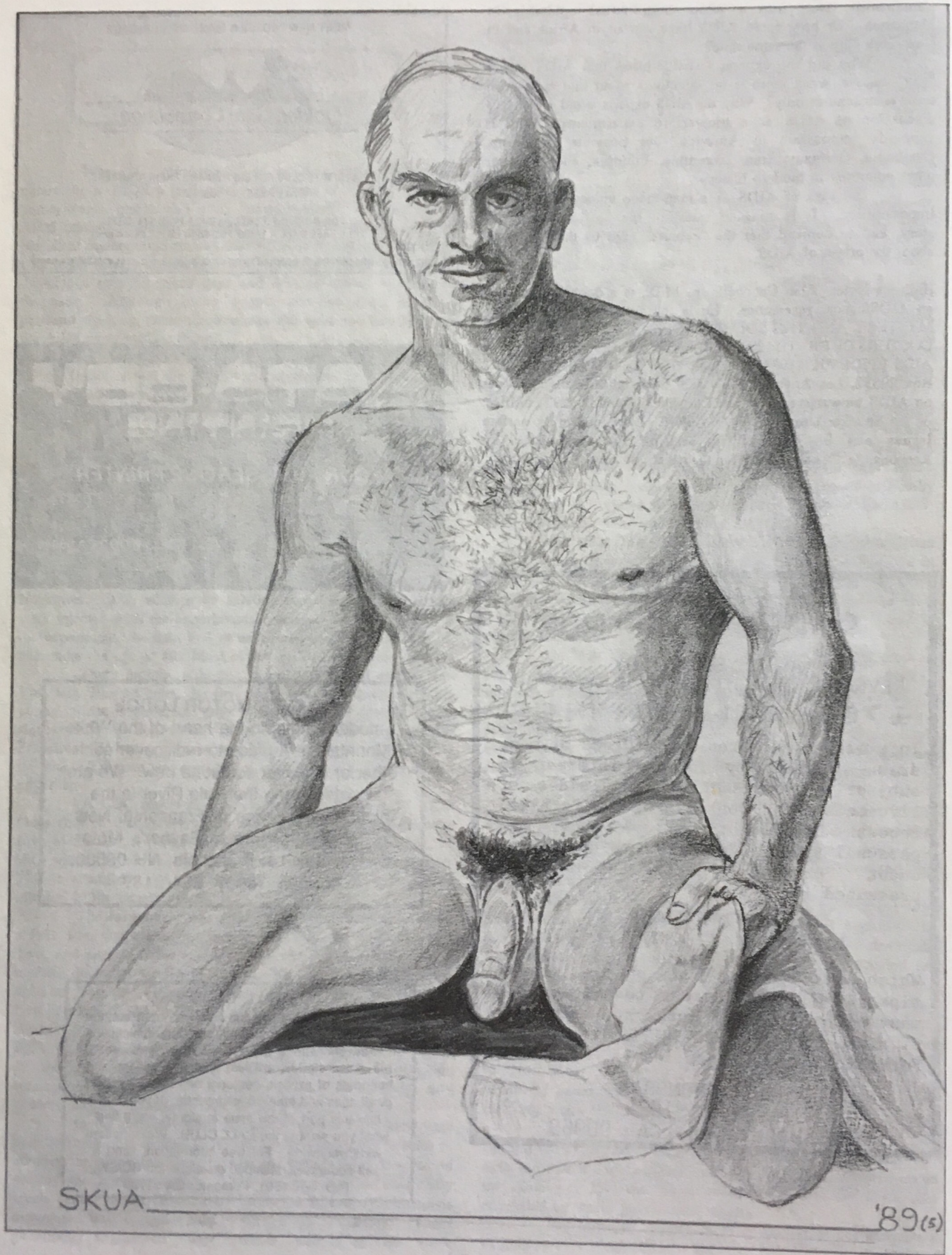
CHUCK THOMPSON
PO BOX 691024
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90069

RAYNOR'S MOTOR LODGE

A modern motel in the heart of the White Mountains. A place to rediscover each other or discover someone new. We are located along the Gale River in the picturesque village of Franconia, New Hampshire. Write to Raynor's Motor Lodge, Box 10, Franconia, NH 03580, or call (800) 634-8187

BALL CLUB

For men who have 'em and men who want 'em, the BALL CLUB is an efficiently run communications network with a lively, quarterly newsletter full of hot stories, articles, photos, drawings and hundreds of explicit, personal ads from members of all ages and ethnic backgrounds. If you're at all into this part of the male anatomy, you'll find what you want in the BALL CLUB. We're nation-wide/worldwide. For free information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BC/SW, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769


SKUA
'89(5)

SULJI'S SPHERE
a novel by OCHO

(Continued from June-July 89 Issue)

For those of you who've just joined us, this is the story of an older gay man named Peter Wade, whose lover has been murdered. Distraught and suicidal, he moves to Southern California and stumbles upon an alien, hovering, spherical robot, which convinces him that each can help the other and do something of consequence for mankind. Meanwhile, we are introduced to Air Force general and member of The Joint Chiefs Of Staff, Bob Holtz, along with his secretly gay buddy, General Ernie Sullivan. Eventually, the sphere takes Peter to its spaceship and, with the aid of a sophisticated simulator, creates an android double of Peter's deceased lover, entering the replica's head as its "brain." To celebrate, the android--called Andy--and Peter have mad, passionate sex on the searing surface of the moon. Meanwhile, the spaceship is sighted by the Air Force and General Holtz is brought into the investigation. Back on the moon, after creating a female android they name Andrea, Peter and Andy take up housekeeping in Laguna Beach, whereupon Andy goes off to "carbon copy" the data in the brains of various professors to fulfill his purpose on earth. Peter, believing that it will be good for the world, goes along with the plan. As they prepare for phase two in Washington, a drunken General Holtz broods over his ex-wives and wonders if his best friend, Sullivan, is gay, as one of the ex-wives charges. He invites Sullivan over to find out, but ends up finding out more than he bargained for as he is seduced. Meanwhile, Peter and Andrea fly off to Washington, D.C. as man and wife, whereupon Andrea, using the sphere's powers of mind reading and control, meets the "right" people. They get invited to a party, where they find themselves surrounded by the most powerful people in Washington--one of them, General Sullivan. The incredibly seductive Andrea manages to lure a powerful senator into bed and absorbs his memory, which includes myriad top secrets. She has also managed to impress Sullivan so much that he arranges to fix Holtz up with her. Eventually, Peter pines for Andy--even if he is inert--and returns to Laguna Beach. Finally, Andrea meets Holtz and it's love at first sight. Nearly fucked to death, he sleeps while she absorbs his memory and determines that the sphere's mission is in danger. Finally, we meet Sulji, the sphere's creator, far out in space. He is human-like, yet highly evolved. He is also a prisoner of the Utranians, a plundering, malevolent bunch of less human-like creatures. He sadly recalls better days and worries about the weapon systems he's been forced to create for the Utranians. Meanwhile back on earth, Peter runs into a bisexual hunk and lures him home. Just as Peter seduces him, Andrea returns from Washington and the three hop into the sack together. Weeks later, Andy tells Peter about the deterioration of the earth and fills him in on the secrets Andrea had obtained. Still needing additional information from Holtz, Andrea meets him in California and discovers that the Air Force is about to discover the space ship. Unable to reach it in time, Andrea helplessly watches as it explodes in the desert. Knowing that his masters were aware of the explosion and hoping that his creator will allow him to stay and finish his mission, Andy takes Peter to a location he's received telepathically. Unfortunately, the rescuing space ship is occupied by 7 foot drone robots and they take the sphere, leaving Andy's synthetic body behind. The Air Force arrives and Peter and the android are carted off to Edwards Air Force Base and General Holtz. Peter, who almost goes off his rocker, is interrogated with drugs and even raped by the big dicked general, but he doesn't talk. Meanwhile, the sphere is reunited with his creator, Sulji, who realizes that the sphere has acquired a nebulous substance he assumes is a soul. Allowing the sphere to absorb his powerful mind, both attempt to escape and Sulji is killed. The sphere succeeds in escaping in a warship, but not before destroying the mother ship. Back at Laguna Beach, the sphere enters Andrea's body and makes a date with General Holtz. As she fucks Holtz' brains out in the Mojave Desert, she orders the space ship to appear and sets up a dirty trick. Leaving Holtz dazed in the back seat or her car, she pretends to be kidnapped by a left over 7 foot drone just as Air Force chase helicopters arrive. Using the drone's voice, the sphere makes a deal: the girl for Peter and the android. As Peter and the inert android arrive by helicopter minutes later, the switch is made and Peter carries the android aboard the ship. Then, just as the ship's door closes, the sphere slips out of Andrea's head and joins Peter, leaving Holtz with a limp piece of plastic with a cold, saliva-wet vagina. Safely together again, Peter and Andy speculate on what their destinies are, now that the sphere is omnipotent. Meanwhile, a senator and Holtz's ex-wife, concerned that Holtz was not answering his phone, go to check on him. Finding his door unlocked, they go inside and find Holtz and Sullivan in full leather, heatedly involved in some wild S& M action. Soon, the sphere rescues the female android and the three are off and running again, this time to the U.S.S.R. to gather military intelligence. While there, the sphere gets hold of documents which tell of a bisexual man who was blackmailed by the Russians to work for them. Turns out, it's the same man that Peter had seduced in Laguna Beach. They decide to rescue the man--Dudley-- and enlist him into their little "army." As we join the story for the final segment, Peter, Dudley, the sphere and the androids are safely back at the house in Laguna Beach, having barely survived a wild rescue operation on the tiny island of Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean.

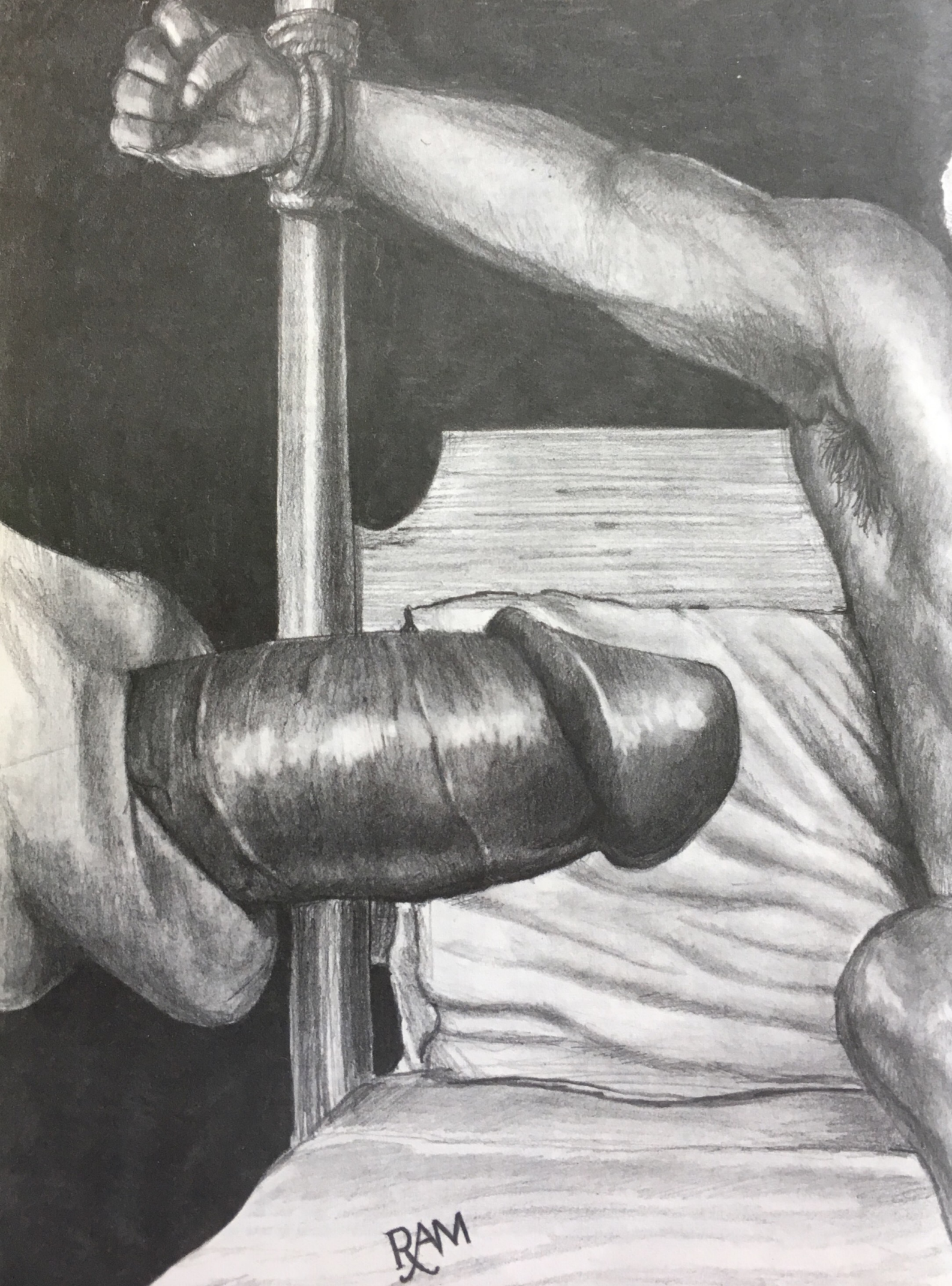
THIRTEEN

SEPTEMBER

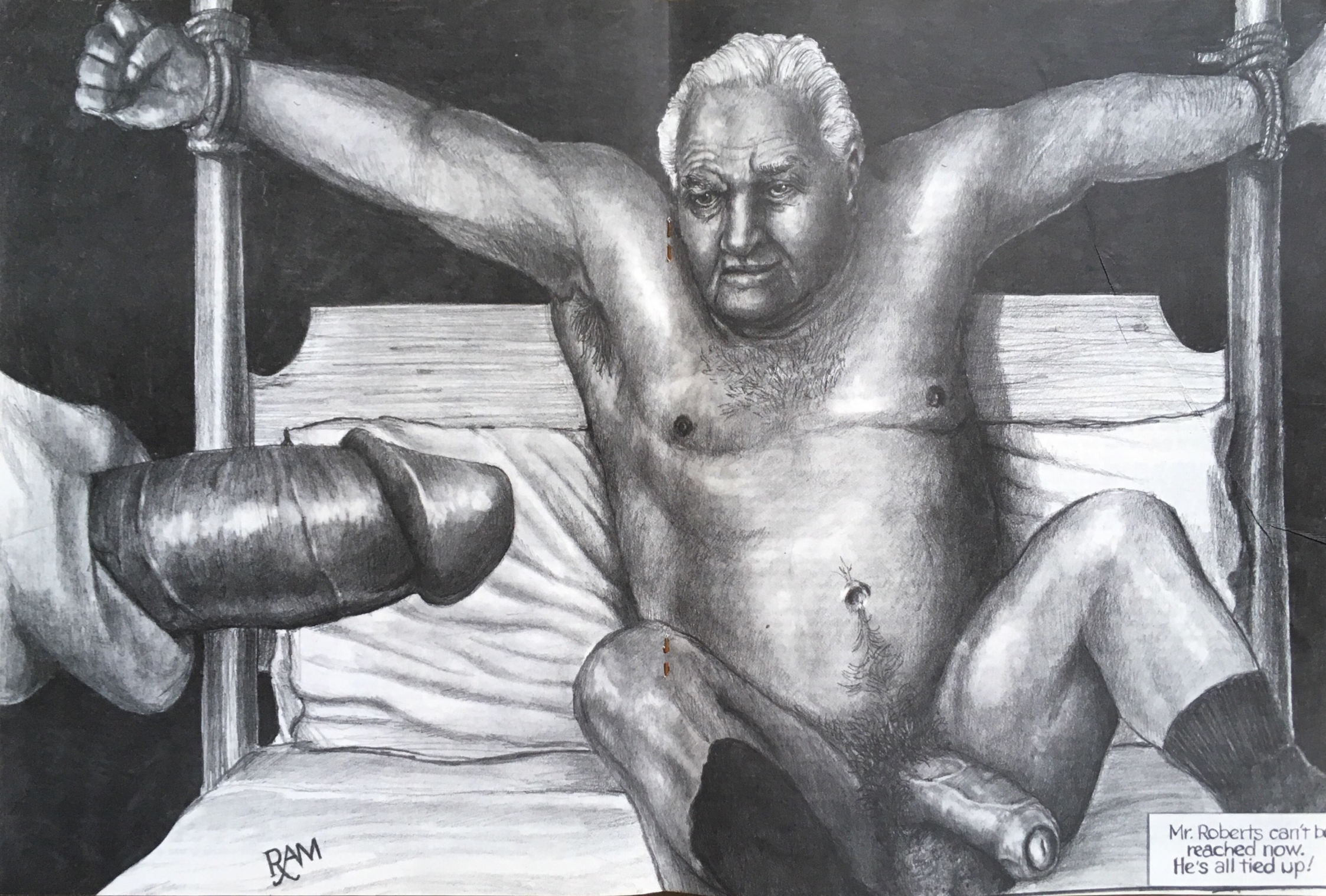
Dudley finally came around and accepted his new role. There was no other choice, since he would now be pursued by both the Russians and the Americans.

He had been sent to Diego Garcia by an electronics manufacturer out of Los Angeles. Receiving top secret clearance, he had been privy to some of the most sophisticated snooping devices ever made. While drinking heavily at the merchant marine club, he was approached by a first mate on a Japanese aggregate tanker and lured aboard ship with a tale of beautiful prostitutes stashed away in the captain's quarters. Unfortunately, the Japanese officer was a K.G.B. operative and had managed to take a photo of Dudley getting a blow job by an accomplice transvestite, who had exposed his own penis for the camera. It wasn't a simple matter of blackmail, however. The first mate already had a top secret document he had collected previously and threatened to make it look like Dudley had already cooperated because of blackmail. It was a devious web and Dudley knew that he would never convince the authorities that he was innocent, especially since he was of Russian background and spoke fluent Russian.

He therefore reproduced three other documents for the first mate before his ship set sail for more aggregate in the Middle East. Later ordered to take more photos for yet another


RAM

Mr. Roberts can't be
reached now.
He's all tied up!


RAM
Mr. Roberts can't b
reached now.
He's all tied up!

operative, he was caught in the act and arrested.

With Dudley's predicament in mind and the fact that their work would have to be done close to Warship Four's computer, Andy purchased an uninhabited island off the northern tip of Eleuthera in the Bahamas. The previous owner had built a beautiful five bedroom house on high ground, complete with a huge boat house and a separate deep slip for a yacht. Andy had traded in the catamaran on a 50 foot cabin cruiser, which was docked at the slip. Warship Four sat hidden inside the boat house. At the other end of the island sat six huge ocean freight containers filled with tons of building materials and equipment

Rules had been placed into effect. Dudley, being a "morning person," had access to Andrea from dawn to mid -afternoon. Peter, preferring romantic nights, had access to Andy during the late afternoons and evenings. While Dudley and Peter slept, Qydol would shed the android and work on a project it would later call "Lodestar."

On several occasions, Qydol would take the spaceship and androids and secretly depart for destinations like Israel, South Africa, India, Pakistan, Great Britian, France, Taiwan and China. Knowing that the work would be risky, it had made arrangements for Peter's and Dudley's well being. Without their knowledge, it had sealed off a huge walk-in closet in a remote bedroom. Inside, it had placed a miniature version of the spaceship's computer, along with data on how to operate it. Four small explosive devices were attached to the wall at the corners and, upon the destruction of Warship Four, each would detonate, effectively toppling the wall for Peter and Dudley to see.

Qydol decided to begin using the men sparingly now and keep them away from danger. Besides, all the information was now in the ship's computer and all the phases of "Lodestar" were just a push of a button away.

Peter walked along the beach and completed an entire lap around the island before he realized that it was time for his turn with Andy. He wondered what the reaction would be if he suggested a three way with Dudley. Dudley was beginning to look better and better and Andy's mystique was fading. Before, he never thought about Andy's being an android. Now, it haunted him.

When he took Andy's load inside his mouth, it was like drinking glycerin. He longed to take Dudley and taste real body fluids and know that live sperm were entering his body.

Those rare times he allowed himself to try to fathom what the three of them were doing, he would feel the sensation of being swept out to sea. It was too immense for him, in spite of the fact that he long ago became cynical. He was convinced that all governments were corrupt and that the world was headed for self-destruction. It sufficed just to remind himself that he was doing something profound and good.

Still, he wondered when it would all be over. *Would Qydol settle for just living like a human? What's going to happen down the line? How long would Bob's soul stay with Qydol? But was it Bob's soul? Was it Sulji"s? Was it even a soul?*

He walked into the front entrance and stood, listening. From upstairs, he could hear the sounds of raucus sex. He followed the sounds and climbed the stairway to the master bedroom. Andrea caught his eye and became somewhat limp.

"Time's up," she said, smiling at Peter.

Dudley rolled over, moaning. He held his cock, which was throbbing painfully. "Aww....Just one more minute, okay?"

Andrea jumped off the bed and briskly headed down the stairway. "I'm receiving a message. The computer has something."

Dudley looked up at Peter and shrugged.

"Sorry," said Peter, sheepishly.

Dudley jacked himself. "Help me out of this, will ya?"

Peter stared at him, wondering if he had heard correctly. "Pardon?"

"Get me off."

Peter stared at the wet, slick, throbbing cock.

"Fuck you, then," grumbled Dudley, closing his eyes and masturbating with a fury.

Peter quickly undressed and hungrily took Dudley's cock inside his eager mouth.

"Oh, Jeez....Yesssss.....Oh, Yesssss....That's what I need."

And then it all came to Peter. Dudley was having the same problem. He wasn't fucking a woman; he was fucking a plastic replica. *While in the act, the reality of it finally sinks in, affecting the penis first*, he thought. He sensed that Dudley had been unable to cum that morning. One thing was sure, however.....He was going to cum for Peter.

Peter pulled off and marvelled at Dudley's thick, well proportioned cock and symmetrical, golf ball-sized testicles. He lifted one in each hand and sucked on each, letting one at a time slip in and out of his mouth with a pop. He swirled his tongue around each and watched as Dudley's cock surged. He slightly bit down on one and tingled as Dudley moaned and pushed his crotch into his face. With his thumb and forefinger, he squeezed the top of the ball sac and pulled downward, making the scrotum skin shine with tightness.

"Take me there, Pete.....Take me to *heaven*..."

Peter deftly descended on the shaft, flutter tonguing the base on the upswing. Each time he plunged down, Dudley whimpered.

Suddenly, he felt an overpowering urge to kiss Dudley. The urge was intense and prevailed over the common sense notion that "trade" men found kissing repulsive. He slowly rose over Dudley and stared at the man with searing fervor. Dudley looked into his eyes and his lips parted. At that one instant, Peter somehow knew that there was a small window of opportunity--that the iron was hot.

Peter gently pressed his moist, hot lips against Dudley's, which were dry and burning. Instantly, Dudley shuddered and thrust his tongue into Peter's mouth, holding him tightly.

Peter pulled away briefly and pored into Dudley's anxious eyes. "Oh, my God," he whispered, plunging his tongue into Dudley's mouth.

They kissed long and tenderly, massaging each other's backs and hips and chests. Each sipped at the saliva of the other and cherished it.

"I want to suck your cock," moaned Dudley. "I want to drink your juice."

Peter quickly reversed himself and offered his cock as he reclaimed Dudley's.

They devoured one another and became lost in the most overpowering sexual experience either had ever known. Both came simultaneously and it seemed an eternity to both. Both held their breaths and swallowed each spasm eagerly. And while Peter allowed himself to soar in rapture, Dudley became tense as the strangeness of what he had done uncovered the ghosts of his conditioning.

Dudley pulled away from him and stretched. "Jeez, I'd better take a shower," he finally said, avoiding eye contact with Peter.

Peter sat on the edge of the bed as Dudley gargled with mouthwash for what seemed like an eternity. Finally rinsing with water, he glanced at Peter with a hint of repulsion.

"That wasn't fair," said Peter, very softly.

"What?" said Dudley, looking for clothing to put on, wanting to get out of the room quickly.

"That wasn't fair," repeated Peter, louder.

Dudley glanced at him again, then found his trousers on a chair. "You lost me."

"I don't know what's more of an anti-climax, seeing the look of loathing on your partner's face or having him tell you that he's probably just given you hepatitis B."

Dudley's face turned red. "I'm sorry," he said, sincerely.

"*You're* sorry," mumbled Peter, leaving the room, carrying his clothes. Abruptly, he turned and stormed back into the room, startling Dudley. "I've got news for you, *asshole*. Unless you were giving an Academy Award performance, you probably had about the best sex of your life just then. I'll never forget it, in spite of the fact that you're an....an..."

"Asshole," prompted Dudley, amused.

"Shit," muttered Peter, storming out again.

****

The young White House aid thumbed through his agenda for the day. He felt very important because his boss, the chief of staff, was out for two weeks and he was temporarily in charge. He wondered how he would react during his first one-on-one with the President.

A young, black secretary abruptly entered his office, shuffling through the morning mail.

"Miss Mitchell. Could you kindly remember to knock before entering?"

The secretary gave him a deadly look and threw several papers onto his desk. "Sorry, sir. Got a psycho note this morning. This is your big day." She smiled, mouthed the word, "motherfucker," and left, slamming the door behind her.

Sitting at her desk outside his office, she turned to a co-worker. "Watch. The wimp'll probably break his fucking leg to run to the man with the letter."

The aid stared at the box of diskettes and cover letter, which he read again. He dropped the package in the center of his desk and leaned back in his chair. Resting his chin on joined thumbs, he tapped his nose with the tips of his fingers and wondered what his boss would do in a similar situation.

****

An aerospace contractor's vice president was ushered into a small office in the Soviet embassy. He was enraged and stared menacingly at the Soviet security officer. "What's the meaning of this," he said in Russian. "My cover has been blown. It took me twelve years!"

"All covers have been blown," said the security officer. "You must go to Moscow immediately."

****

In Moscow, two large men walked briskly into an office in KGB headquarters. A middle aged, balding man looked up at the two men with a startled expression. "Yes?"

"Aleksandr Ferdyschtchenko?" asked one of the men.

"Yes."

"You are under arrest."

****

The aid stood in front of the President's desk, shaking. The President studied the package, then became ashen. Ignoring the aid, he picked up a red receiver and waited.

Glancing up at the aid, he placed his hand over the mouthpiece. "Arrange a meeting of the Security Council right away.....And have all these disks printed out. I want to know everything that's on them."

The aid became frozen in shock.

Someone answered the other end of the line in Moscow.

"Premier. Have you received a package from 'Lodestar?'"

He heard a translation into Russian. "Yes," the Premier answered himself.

"Authentic? I haven't seen what's on the disks yet."

There was a pause. "Yes," said the Premier, at length.

"We will not react against your operatives if you do likewise."

He heard another garbled translation, then there was silence. "Agreed," the translator said.

He hung up and noticed the aid still standing there. "Well? Good God, man, get moving!"

The aid scampered out of the Oval Office.

A buzzer sounded and he picked up a black receiver.

"An urgent call from the Chinese Ambassador and another call holding from the Israeli Ambassador," said his secretary.

****

A hush fell upon the group of seventeen men as the President entered the room.

"Gentlemen, we have received a very bizarre message." He turned to his secretary. "Pass out the copies."

A middle aged woman walked along the rectangular table, passing out a sheet of paper to each man.

General Holtz read his copy.

January 25

The President of the United States
White House
Washington, D.C. 20050

Re: Phase One

Sir:

Enclosed is a comprehensive report on current positions relative to defense, including intelligence operations, weapons technology and logistics for the following countries:

U.S.S.R.
China
Israel
Great Britian
France
South Africa
Pakistan
India
Cuba

A similar comprehensive report, including the current U.S. position has been sent to all the above countries. You and your enemies will receive supplemental reports on current

developments as they are implemented.

You are urged to arrange a summit conference on establishing a world government and to immediately neutralize all nuclear warheads. When this is done, the advanced technology necessary to find solutions to world health, economic, environmental and energy problems, will be transmitted to the appropriate officials.

We are among you and must be dealt with. We will not allow you to destroy your planet or commit crimes against humanity. If you choose to ignore our recommendation, we shall be forced to implement Phase II, which is somewhat more severe.

LODESTAR

****

Holtz sat on his terrace, watching the lights dance as he sipped on a Southern Comfort manhattan. The world was different to him now and he had a feeling of helplessness because he couldn't comprehend all the events of the past few weeks. What frightened him the most was that neither the president nor any of his staff knew what to do next. *No one could grasp it and no one knew what to do.*

He heard his doorbell ring and ignored it. The ringing persisted, though, and he stormed for the door to give the intruder a piece of his mind. He looked through the security hole and immediately felt a numbness swirl down his body from his face. Very slowly, he opened the door.

Andrea signaled his brain to secrete a tranquillizer and a hypnotic. He staggered slightly, but she held on to him and led him to the bedroom.

As he lay peacefully, she gently ran her fingers through his hair. "I hurt you and I'm sorry."

He dreamily traced her lips with a huge finger. "You've come back," he whispered.

****

As Qydol worked in the spacecraft, Dudley and Peter watched CNN on satellite television. The U.N. was in chaos. Intelligence operatives were being slaughtered all over the globe. India and Pakistan had tried to knock out each other's nuclear armament facilities and were near full scale war. Russia and China had massed millions of troops along the entire length of their common border. Terrorism had been brought to the shores of the U.S. as Lybia, Iran, Cuba and Bulgaria began furnishing arms and explosives to gay, Black and Hispanic terrorist groups.

Both sat in silence, wondering what Qydol would do next.

FOURTEEN

FEBRUARY

Two metal hemispheres and several exotic electronic components lay on the white table. A small square of glass-like material appeared on the simulator screen, then glowing threads of black, white and gold began weaving through it. As it dissolved on the screen, it appeared in solid form on the table. Andy delicately picked up the object and inspected it closely.

Peter sat in a green chair near the console and studied Andy's expression. "How many spheres will you make?"

"Four, for now." Andy kept his eyes on the component.

"Did Dudley tell you about the border incident on the Amur River?"

"Yes." He gently placed the glass on the table.

"A world war is brewing out there, isn't it?"

"Now. One more part and I can assemble and program it."

"I wish there was something I could do."

Andy regarded him and partially smiled. "Believe me, you'll have plenty to do later. It's obvious that Phase One backfired." He sighed. "I had no idea that your world was so corrupt." He looked at Peter. "Why don't you keep Dudley company?" He smiled and read Peter's mind. "Why are you suspicious?"

Peter shrugged.

"The simulation takes ultimate concentration, Peter. You know that.....Okay, Dudley is here because we have to operate on three fronts to pull off Phase Two."

"There was something else...." Peter stared at Andy in amazement.

"What?"

"*You didn't read it in my...*" He shook his head.

Andy stared at him, struggling to read his mind.

"Sulji?"

Andy said nothing.

"Sulji? Is it you?"

Andy continued working on the spheres.

"Bob's spirit's gone on, hasn't it?" He looked upward, gesturing toward the house. "Are Dudley and I supposed to...?" He dropped his arms forlornly.

Andy looked at him with saddened eyes.

"There *are* no three fronts, are there? We're finished, aren't we? Bob wanted to get us together so he could go on to another life, didn't he?"

"Please leave me alone, Peter," said Andy, very softly. "I can't answer your questions and I have so very much to do."

Peter nodded and slowly turned. Shuddering, he walked out of the spacecraft and into the boat house. He glanced back once, then walked languidly up the ramp to the house.

Dudley sat in a wicker chair on the terrace, drinking a rum concoction. Peter sat in a chair next to him, then stared out over the ocean.

"Had lunch yet?" asked Peter, ending the silence.

"No. Not yet. I was waiting for you."

"Why don't I whip up a couple of sandwiches, then."

"How long will he be down there?"

"Who knows?" Peter said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I missed my morning with Andrea."

Peter glanced at him and shook his head, sadly. "Keep it up and you'll miss the boat entirely."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

****

Andy surveyed the assembled sphere and traced the circular joint line with his finger. He backed away and a blue beam descended from the ceiling. Lights began dancing around the console and panels and the joint slowly disappeared.

He sat in the green chair and waited.

Suddenly, the lights stopped and an alarm light came on, indicating that a Utranian probe had just entered an orbit around the earth in search of Warship Four. He asked the computer for the location of the Utranian mother ship and it indicated an area in the vicinity of the debris from the previously destroyed mother ship, between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. It was now headed for earth.

"They're back," he whispered to himself.

****

Dudley returned to the terrace with another drink. He walked to the terrace railing, next to where Peter was sitting. "You've probably already surmised this, but it just hit me."

Peter lifted his eyes thoughtfully. "What's that?"

"We had no place to go except here. You know what we are? We're both idealists--we were probably never going to find what we ***really*** wanted. He gave us our ideal. Otherwise, it wouldn't make any sense."

"I never thought of you as anything but happy-go-lucky, Dudley. You're destroying your image," said Peter, amazed and slightly amused.

"Ideal.....Knowing the one you're making love to is plastic. Did you really think that I was in love with Andrea?"

"I wondered."

"He promised me my ideal. I just figured that he'd line me up with someone. Hell, I thought there would be a whole group of us." He chose his words. "Pete, I see all those containers full of shit, but I look around and I don't see the others he promised. I see only you and me."

"And Qydol."

"You really think that your dead friend--what's his name, Bob-- is in there? Do you really think that Bob's soul --whatever *that* is--is inside the sphere?"

Peter looked down, sadly. "I don't know now. I *felt* him, yes. I felt him caring about me and leading me the way."

"Did you feel yourself being used?"

"No, Dudley," Peter answered, irritated. "I felt love. I really did. The entity inside that sphere loved me."

Dudley stood and walked to the railing, looking back at Peter with a quizzical look. "What's all this past tense shit?"

"What do you mean?" asked Peter, defensively.

"'I *felt* love. I really *did*,'" Dudley quoted.

Peter fell silent, then took a deep breath. He looked up at Dudley with misty eyes. "I don't know who's down there now. I don't think it's Bob anymore."

Dudley regarded him seriously. "Then who is it?"

"Sulji."

Dudley considered this and finally nodded slowly. "Sounds reasonable." He chuckled. "Hell, it's a big project." He sat next to Peter again. "It's over, though--and he never needed me. Why did he risk everything to spring me?"

"It's not over, Dudley. Phase One never worked."

"Oh, it's over, all right," said Dudley, shaking his head vigorously. "He sprung me for you, my man."

"That occurred to me."

Dudley carressed the back of Peter's neck. "It did, huh?"

"Amazing, isn't it?"

"Why is it amazing?"

"Because you want a woman, not a man."

He continued kneading Peter's neck, exciting him. "Maybe I *am* gay. Maybe it just hasn't sunk in yet. Our metal friend might know something I don't."

"You're not," said Peter with conviction. "I've been there. Man, you fit right into the mold. Would you care to guess how many married men I've had?"

"Ten thousand?"

"Close..... They'll give their bodies with a vengeance--some are even better cocksuckers than me..."

Dudley widely opened his eyes. "No fuckin' way!"

".....but they'll never break that *tradition* which says, 'Marry, bear children and keep the rest a secret.'"

"That's me?"

"That's you."

"Never know, Pete. True, I always thought I preferred pussy, but you never know." He smiled impishly.

"I know. That look in your face the last time we had sex gave you away."

"No," said Dudley, thoughtfully. "I think I would adopt a lifestyle according to the type of relationship I end up with. If I fell in love with a woman, I probably wouldn't actively pursue men--and vice versa."

"Bullshit."

"It's not bullshit, Pete. Did it ever occur to you that I wasn't repulsed when we had sex upstairs--that maybe I was just confused?"

"Confused about what?"

"Confused about my feelings for you."

Peter studied him deeply, looking for a clue.

"I could fall in love with you." Dudley's impish smile was gone.

"Bullshit," repeated Peter, slightly less emphatically than the previous "bullshit."

A small explosion came from the back bedroom as the false wall blew off. Warship Four then shot from the boat house.

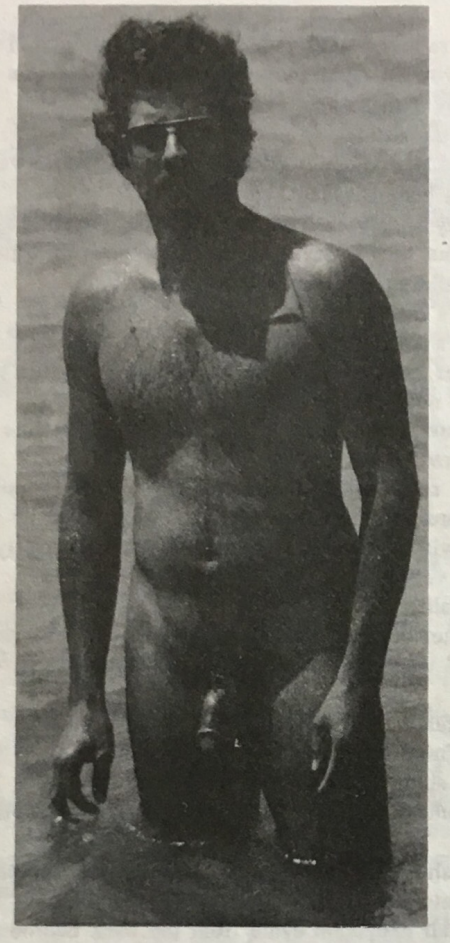
****

By the time Warship Four came within view of the mother ship, it was between the orbits of Mercury and Venus and appeared as a moon of Venus. Qydol sent the craft into a wide, orbital path around Venus and into an aft collision course at maximum speed. As firing range was entered, Qydol could see that two warships were missing from the aft docks. Suddenly, a screen illuminated and gave positions of two approaching objects from opposite directions. Qydol sent the craft into a ninety degree change of course and found himself being pursued and fired on by two warships and the mother ship. He directed the craft into a course straight for the Amur River battlefield a split second before being disabled by Utranian fire. Warship Four was now frozen in a collision course with earth.

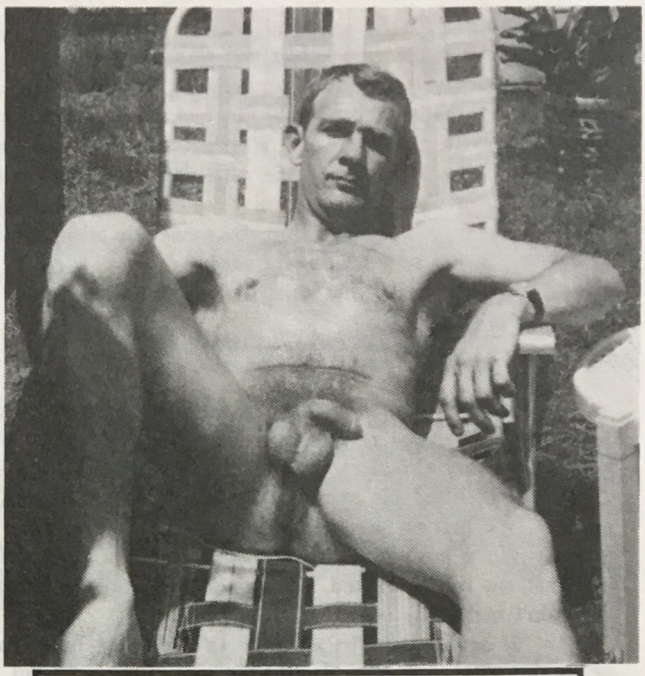
In the darkness of the vicinity of Dzhalinda, near the northernmost tip of China, a battle over boundries raged. A wounded Russian soldier became disoriented and began to stagger into the direction of a Chinese column. Three Chinese soldiers spotted him and turned to fire. Aware that their faces had become illuminated with dancing orange patterns, all lifted their eyes to the chilling spectacle.

A battle raged in the heavens above which rendered theirs inconsequential and irrelevant. Thousands of troops ceased fighting and all eyes became mesmerized--transfixed upon the four spacecraft, glowing from a sun they could not see. Qydol then unleashed Cytax particles in the direction of the Utranian ships, immediately killing the vast majority of the Utranians and freezing them into a collision course as well.

A colossal, white-hot fleur-de-lis plummeted toward northern China, leaving a trail of molten metal in its wake. All



GAYFEATHER....photo by POWDER PUSS



JOHN WAYNE.....a self portrait

SAM.....photo by BILL

SMILEY.....a self portrait

four crafts merged and became a red comet, roaring tangentially into the earth, plowing through plains and hills, then slamming into and destroying an entire mountain. As the ground trembled, the troops regarded the flaming mountain and slowly began retreating deeply into their areas of sovereignty.

Those who witnessed the spectacle were never able to fight again. Those who witnessed it from afar were told that it was merely a meteor. Both the Russians and Chinese covered up the incident and brought in fresh troops to continue the battle.

FIFTEEN

Qydol had thought of everything.

In addition to all the things it provided in the walk-in closet, it left instructions for using the miniature computer's simulator to alter Dudley's fingerprints and iris color. It had provided a new identity, complete with the drivers license and social security card of a suicide victim no one ever missed.

Qydol had given them an alternate Phase Two, just in case something happened to it, and asked them to implement the plan six months to the day after Phase One. A note said simply, "Commence implementation by pressing the luminous gold button."

Having modified Dudley's fingerprints and iris color and waited six months, the two men sat at the console.

"You ready?" asked Peter, his arm around Dudley's shoulder.

"I don't know," answered Dudley, squeezing Peter's hand. "Are you?"

"Not really." He reached over and kissed Dudley passionately. "Let's go back upstairs and fuck the living hell out of each other."

"What do you think we've been doing?" said Dudley, rolling his eyes up.

"Your new eye color is turning me on."

Dudley smiled and dazzled him with his new, sea-green eyes.

"Oh, *Baby* !"

Dudley pushed him away. "Push the goddamn gold button!"

Peter pressed the gold button.

The screen displayed:

I'M SORRY PHASE ONE DIDN'T WORK. IT WAS NOT MY INTENTION TO GIVE UP MY OWN EXISTENCE FOR NOTHING. THAT'S WHY I DEVELOPED THIS CONTINGENCY.

IT IS MY BELIEF THAT YOUR WORLD WILL SURVIVE ONLY THROUGH REGENERATION. UNFORTUNATELY, DEATH AND REGENERATION GO HAND IN HAND. BY PUSHING THE GOLD BUTTON, YOU HAVE RELEASED A POWERFUL, AIRBORNE COMPOUND INTO THE ATMOSPHERE AT HUNDREDS OF LOCATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. COMMENCING IN 72 HOURS, IT WILL BEGIN PAINLESSLY KILLING THE VAST MAJORITY OF HUMAN LIFE ON THIS PLANET.

IN A COMPARTMENT DOWN AND TO YOUR LEFT ARE TWO SYRINGES AND A VIAL OF LIQUID. INJECT EACH OTHER WITH 34 CC IN AN ARM MUSCLE. IF YOU DO NOT INJECT THIS ANTIDOTE, YOU WILL DIE.

IN THE COMPARTMENT BELOW THAT ONE, YOU WILL FIND MY MASTER PLAN FOR EARTH'S SURVIVAL. I HAVE CHOSEN A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN INNOCULATED AND GIVEN INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO GET HERE. THEY ARE HIGHLY EVOLVED AND VERY WELL TRAINED IN THEIR FIELDS. THEY ARE GENTLE AND LOVING PEOPLE AND REPRESENT EVERY RACE AND CULTURE THAT EXISTED BEFORE. EVERYTHING YOU WILL NEED IS EITHER IN THE HOUSE OR THE CONTAINERS AT THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND. EARTH'S REGENERATION WILL EVOLVE FROM THIS ISLAND.

GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU. STAY TOGETHER IN MY MEMORY. I WAS NEVER BOB, NOR WAS I SULJI. I WAS ALWAYS JUST QYDOL, A COMPUTER BLESSED WITH THE CAPACITY TO LOVE. DID I HAVE A SOUL? PERHAPS. LOOK FOR EVIDENCE OF IT AROUND YOU.

I HAVE LOVED ALL OF THE PEOPLE WHO WILL COME HERE AND I'VE CHOSEN THEM TO SURVIVE AND CARRY ON. ALWAYS KNOW, HOWEVER, THAT I LOVED BOTH OF YOU THE MOST.

They sat on the terrace, looking out to sea. Neither had said anything since innoculating each other with the antidote over an hour ago.

Peter sighed and ran his fingers through his greying hair. "Did you ever try to say something when you were...you know, really drunk....and how your brain couldn't quite get in synch with your mouth?"

Dudley nodded but continued looking out at sea, trying to comprehend what was happening.

"I feel that way now," continued Peter, "but I'm going to try to say this: I'm just not a leader, Dudley. And I don't think you are either. Do you think Qydol picked out a leader?"

Dudley looked at him dreamily. "Probably. He thought of everything so far, didn't he?"

"I wonder who it'll be?"

"Probably a lesbian high school principal by the name of Ann or Alice or.....Ginny."

EPILOG

Within twenty-four hours from the moment the gold button was pushed, ninety-eight men and women had arrived, dazed and mesmerized, yet terrified. They arrived by catamaran, cabin cruiser, rowboat and rubber raft; and ran the full spectrum of color, size and age. There were a handful of couples, but the majority were single. Peter wondered if any of the men had been in love with Andy; he watched as all eyes searched for either Andy or Andrea. As the women stayed with Peter for indoctrination, Dudley took all the men to the other end of the island to begin construction on the modular housing components packed inside the containers. By dusk, Dudley's group was able to erect several tents and beds to accommodate all of the new arrivals. Peter had managed to calm everyone down and form a feeding committee.

While the group was in the basement watching an indoctrination video Qydol had prepared, Peter thumbed through the master plan while sitting in the living room above. Something nagged at him and he couldn't figure out what it was. He walked to the front terrace and watched the fading magenta in the west. And as he spotted the tiny dot on the horizon, it finally occurred to him. Qydol had written that there would be ninety-nine chosen ones; so far, only ninety-eight had arrived. Again, he located the dot on the horizon and noticed that it was larger. Then he heard the rotor of a helicopter and ran to the grounds in back of the house. Turning on all the lights in the back of the house, he ran to the highest point of the island and watched as the helicopter arrived and hovered over a suitable landing spot. Slowly, the craft landed and the whirling blades

whined to a stop.

Peter ran to the pilot door and opened it as it became unlatched. A big, grey haired man stepped down and shook his hand.

Peter's jaw dropped.

"I have no idea why I'm here," said General Holtz, wondering where he'd met Peter before. "Everyone's dead." He was on the verge of tears. "Ernie, he....." He struggled not to cry. "Why am I here?"

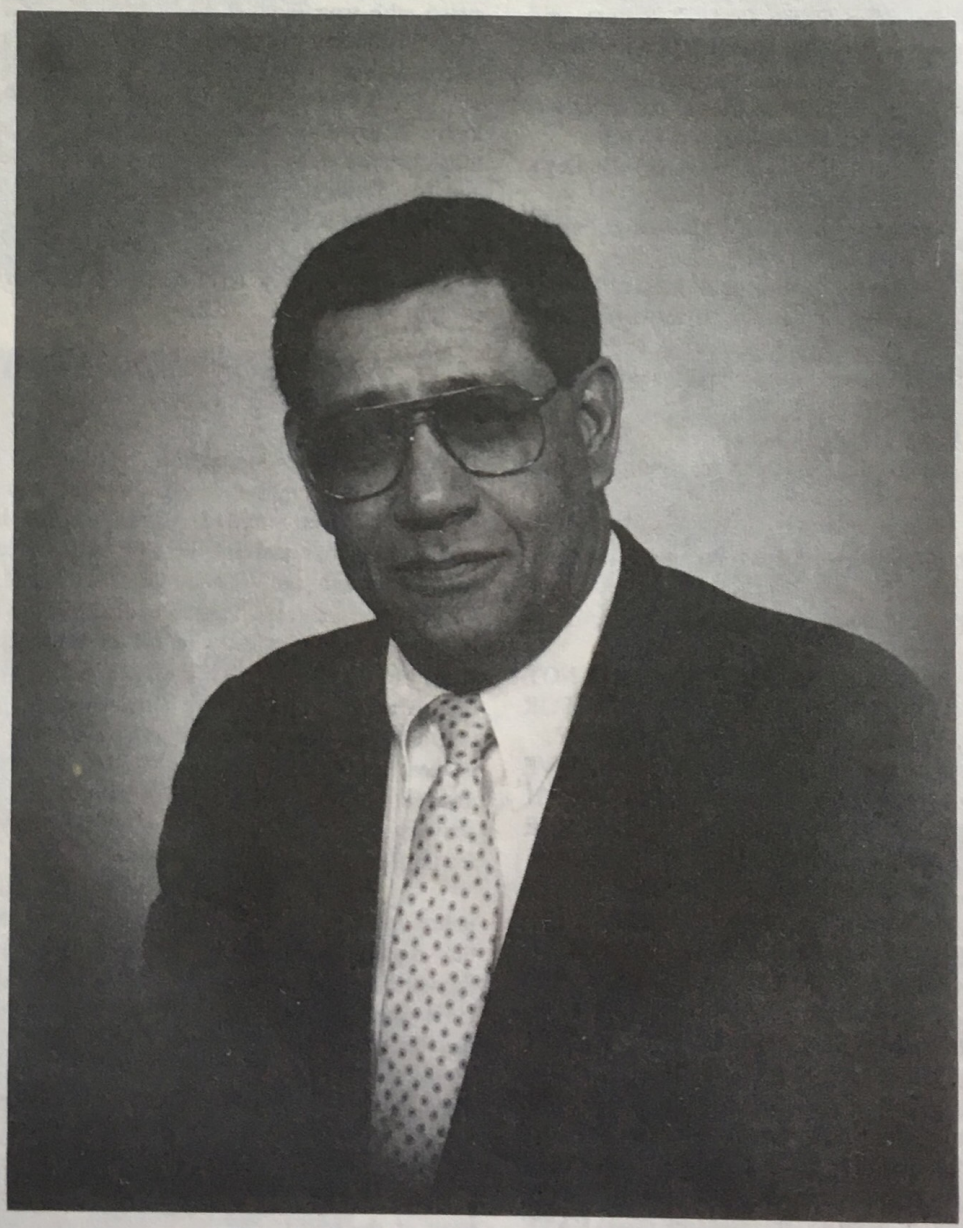
"To lead," said Peter, placing his arm around the big man and leading him to the house.

Visions of zenith *menage a trois* filled Peter's head; blood engorged his cock.

The End

A COUNTRY JOURNAL
FOR GAY MEN EVERYWHERE

SPRING, SUMMER, FALL & WINTER
$4.25 - Sample Latest Issue
$15.00 - 1 year subscription
$22.00 - 1st Class Subscription
P.O. Box 68, Liberty, TN 37095



STRAC.....photo by O.M. STUDIOS

PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. CHIRON RISING takes no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from these ads and urges all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any ad which, in our opinion, implies deceipt, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies to readers' ads.

Valid complaints about advertisers who fail to answer replies are compiled and abusers are denied advertising services.

The following are instructions for writing to advertisers with codewords, which are in **BOLD CAPITAL LETTERS**, followed by NO address. Note: Write to models, artists and writers the same way.

1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter.
2. IN PENCIL, write the Codeword or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.
3. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope. If you are a subscriber, include NO money. If you are NOT A SUBSCRIBER, include $1 for each letter you want forwarded.
4. Mail to: CHIRON RISING, 4864 Luna #191, Phelan, CA 92371.

NOTE: LETTERS NOT MEETING THE ABOVE SPECIFICATIONS WILL NOT BE FORWARDED.

GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR QUEST.....

ALABAMA

(H-12/89) NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horny, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., P.O. Box 353, Tuskegee, AL 36083

(G-8/89) ALABAMA GWM, 71, 5'-10", 220#: healthy, clean shaven, retired, wishes relationship. Prefer you relocate here. Live in rented apartment. Sober, sane, discreet. Safer sex only. You be sincere. Every letter answered. Write: John Lee, Box 163, 3074 Zelda Road, Montgomery, AL 36106.

ARIZONA

(H-8/89) JUST MOVED TO TUCSON: WM, 55, 6'-0", 250#, rugged, masculine, short grey and brown hair, sincere lover of older men. Love to give French/active to husky or stocky men over 55. Live just off Interstate 10. If you are passing through, give me a call or drop me a line. J.R., P.O. Box 13624, Tucson, AZ 85732. (602) 623-0408.

ARKANSAS

(S-8/89) ARE YOU WILLING TO RELOCATE? Have a beautiful home and horses to share with someone in a wonderful 120 acre mountain setting. GWM, 50 years old, 5'-11", brown hair, blue eyes, smooth, 165#. Positive outlook, financially secure and enjoy a very good life. Interests include everything from romance to ? Like to experiment. Hairy and uncut a plus. Looking for a long lasting relationship. You'll have a good life and a good friend. Send photo and letter about your needs and expectations. Serious replies only. Write: **ARAB.**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(T-8/89) MONTEREY PENINSULA/NATIONWIDE: Big, tall, silver-headed GW Daddy seeks son/chaser. ME: 325#, 6'-2", hairy, 49, salt/pepper hair, cropped beard, romantic, cuddler, enjoy arts, travelling, normal/safe sex. YOU: slim to hunky build, 25-40; what is in the heart and a good smile are important; non-drugs/smoker; photo with first letter or call (408) 758-2624 (no collects), T. Lane, 704 Ambrose Drive, Salinas, CA 93901.

(Y-10/89) SAN FRANCISCO: Quiet, affectionate, GWM, 72, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, white hair, moustache. Would like to meet guys 40-60 for friendship and more. I am A/P French, 69. No kinky stuff or drugs. Like to watch Porno movies. Love to travel. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: **YELLOWTHROAT.**

(M-12/89) EXOTIC GEM IN SAN FRANCISCO: 40, 5'-5", 160#, 7" uncut from India. Like movies, some opera, theatre, soft music, football and tennis. I'm successfully self employed, very considerate, clean, articulate, versatile (like 69 and A/P French), caring, loving; and wish to find a senior who is short/stocky, tall/hunky or big/broad. Willing to relocate anywhere. Write: Nari, P.O. Box 27182, San Francisco, CA 94127, or phone (415) 585-6585.

(B-10/89) SLENDER MUSCULAR MATE WANTED: by 6'-3", 245 lb, healthy, physically active, professional, HIV negative man with cut 7". Prefer type builds such as CR Feb/March BRIAN PATRICK RICHMOND (Page 22), GLENN RHODES (Page 51) and THE BIKER (Page 53). I am sexually versatile, preferring 69 1st, top 2nd and so forth. Please send nude photo to Rob Booth, P.O. Box 166, Fairfield, CA 94533.

(J-8/89) BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: A busy 50 y/o GWM computer professional is looking for a like-minded professional, 25-40, to join my life. I am 6', 240#, HIV negative, slightly balding (no grey yet), moustache; and my interests include classical music, theater, computers, travel, cooking, fine wines and quiet times at home. I do not go to bars, dislike rock/country music, don't use drugs, don't smoke, and am honest and punctual. Some say that I'm too particular, but at this stage in my life, I don't see any point in accepting anything less than what I want. I believe that excellence in and dedication to one's chosen field is paramount; I also believe that one should enjoy the benefits that hard work brings. If what you've read interests you, then let's see if our views of the world mesh. Write: **OWL II**

(S-12/89) S.F. BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: W/M, 60, 5'-11", 155#, moustache, fairly masculine, likes one on one kissing, hugging, caressing, etc., along with good versatile sex. Like manly, white men any age, size or shape, but perfer 40 to 70. Relocate to live with me. Good homelife, garden, etc., but settle for local encounters until then. Write: J.R.S., P.O. Box 20331, Oakland, CA 94620.

(W-2/90) NUDE MODELS NEEDED: Professional photographer, 41, seeks CHIRON readers of all ages for quality nude studies. Particularly seek visual extremes, such as stocky, masculine daddies, ugly dominant tops, and submissive younger "chasers." Call (415) 227-5137 (24 hours).

(J-10/89) NOE VALLEY/SAN FRANCISCO: GWM son, looking for 50s to 70s dominating daddy. I have blond hair and blue eyes and am 5'-10", 176#. Enjoy safe sex. Like passionate, romantic types. Enjoy catering to older men. Beards, tall types and beer bellies a plus! Write: **BJJ.**

(R-10/89) SOUTH BAY AREA: W/M, 43, 5'-11", 200#, healthy, hairy, uncut, beefy, Italian, trim beard and moustache, masculine, sincere and romantic. Loves lots of cuddling and hot safe Gr and Fr action. Seeks hairy, masculine, chubby, mature guy for fun, friendship and possible relationship. Send photo and phone number to: Tom Ribaudo, 56 Centre St. #13, Mountain View, CA 94041-2339.

(M-8/89) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Sensual, husky, romantic GWM, 56, 5'-8", straight looking/acting, love to please and have uninhibited fun. Health and safety a prime, when it's time for that special guy. Write: Johnny, 419 Walnut St., Petaluma, CA 94952.

(M-12/89) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 165#, masculine, goodlooking, 6" cut, hazel/brown (balding, greying). Stocky, work-muscular body (24" thighs, 18" calves). Honest, like same. Not racist or ageist. Like to lie back for long sessions. Call Rich, (415) 771-6018, Monday thru Thursday ONLY.

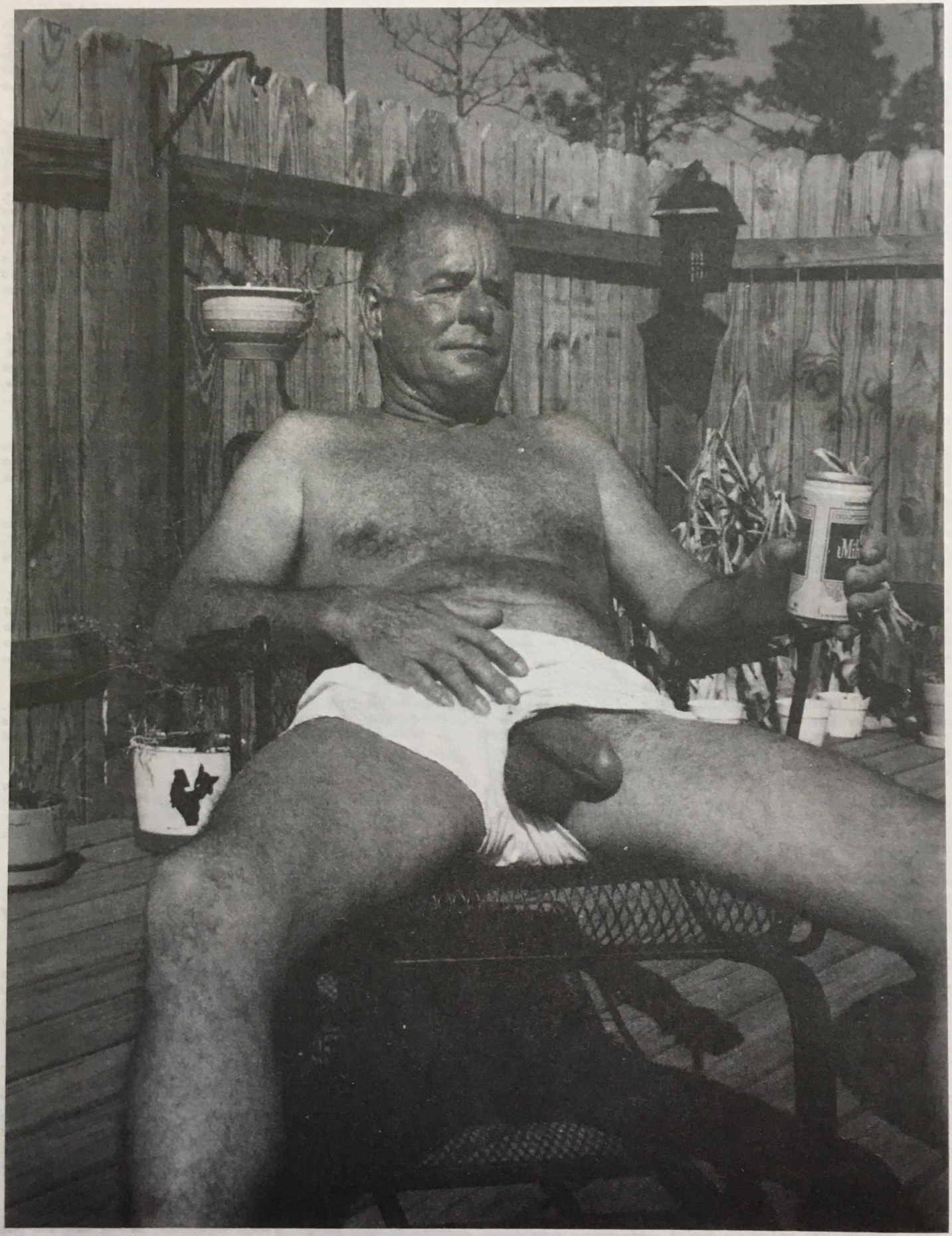
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(H-8/89) SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 73 years old, physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a couple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 93022

(S-10/89) I'VE GOT BALLS! 63 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

(M-12/89) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/BURBANK ROMANTIC: Mostly top seeks passive over 40. I am 57, 6 ft., 210#, 6-3/4" curved and cut, stocky, strong, hairy, mustachioed. Prefer hairy, under 6 ft., under 7" and in working condition, but all considered, any weight any size. Foto appreciated. A/P French, A Greek. Heavy into kissing, cuddling and romance. Aggressive but gentle. Enjoy fone J/O and in person contact. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. Fone number would be a bonus.

(K-10/89) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SWAN/C-R MODEL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 225#, rugged, muscular, average endowment, partially bald with grey fringe, moderately hairy, non-smoking, light drinker, versatile/sane sex, good imagination, considerate, understanding. Love touching, massaging, walking, bicycling, wrestling.....caring. Looking for mature, masculine, stable, considerate, understanding man, any race. Your photo gets mine. Write: **ZORRO.**



THE BIKER.....photo by KENT JUSTICE

(M-2/90) COACH-DAD'S GUY: 38, 6', 185, hairy, 7" cut, former Marine and high school coach. This guy enjoys athletic/military type men, 50+. Pipe, cigars, tatooed and hairy, extra turn on. Pick up your clipboard and drop the coach your game plan. Write: Coach, 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

(S-12/89) SHORT STOCKY MAN SEEKS BIG MAN: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 230#, brown beard/moustache, masculine, goodlooking, fun loving. Seeks eligible big bear, 45 to ?. Must have pleasant disposition and like to laugh. Photo appreciated. Will reciprocate. Write: **URSUS MINOR**

(S-10/89) CALIFORNIA--ESP. ORANGE/SAN DIEGO COUNTIES: Relationship orientated GWM, 62, 5'-10", 170#, blue/blond-grey, husky outdoor/homebody. Love sailing, fishing and the arts. I'm masculine, sexually versatile, romantic as hell, HIV negative. Looking for similar type, 40-65+. Would relocate for right person. Your photo gets mine. Write: L. Stephens, 16802 Lynn St. #3, Huntington Beach, CA 92649.

(N-8/89) TO HUSKY/STOCKY W/M: I am a discreet, wholesome type Asian-American. Seek 40-60 year old, masculine, preferably hairy and endowed. I'm young appearing 40, 5'-6", 150#, smooth-bod, ex-U.S. Navy. Call: Mike, (213) 739-8616.

(P-8/89) B/M SEEKING LIVE-IN RELATIONSHIP: B/M, 32, 5'-7", 160#, seeking live-in relationship with W/M, 50+, stocky and clean shaven. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 903, Duarte, CA 91016-4903.

(S-8/89) HIGH DESERT/PALM SPRINGS: Mid sixties, 5'-9", 200#, silver hair, very healthy. Enjoy literature, theatre, classical music and the outdoors. Seek similar or older friend, companion, helper for business. Write: **DESERT OWL**.

(S-12/89) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: 50, 6'-3", 210#, blue eyes, brown/grey hair, hairy chest, masculine, A/P French, A/ Greek, discreet. Would like to meet, correspond, exchange photos with medium to husky built men, 45-70. Interests include: sports, movies, music, travel and photography. Travel a great deal on business, so possible to meet near you. Photo appreciated. Hairy chest preferred but not necessary. Write: **MANZANITA.**

(A-8/89) YOU AND ME: LIFEMATES? You: GWM, under 35, over 7", thick, cut; HIV negative, Greek active, French passive; very attractive (handsome, cute or beautiful); smooth (not too much body hair), good head of silky hair (blond with blue or green eyes a plus); slim (good definition a plus); not effeminate; totally honest, completely sincere, sweet, sensitive, bright, happy, fun, amusing; sensual, sexual, affectionate, cuddly; non-smoker, light drinker okay; willing to relocate to San Diego; capable of totally monogamous commitment to me. Me: GWM, 55, 6', 172#, HIV negative; bald/gray, hazel eyes, light complexion, hairy, nice looking; honest, sincere, sensitive, bright, educated, slightly shy, somewhat dominating; very clean, bit of a neatnik; very interested in my home, like to garden, read, entertain friends, go out to dinner some, good movies, travel some. Please write with recent photo to: Link, P.O. Box 3048, La Jolla, CA 92038.

(F-8/89) LOVING 50'S TOP: 5'-11", 170#, brown/grey, hairy, seeks hairy, trim bottom for sexual/non-sexual relationship. Write: Skip, P.O. Box 77177, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

(O-8/89) ORANGE COUNTY: Sincere lover of older men, easy going, masculine, 26, 6'-3", 210#, 7" cut thick, likes to exchange photos and correspond with husky men, 45+. Would also like copy of any homemade or SWAN videos. Write: Scott, 1278 Glenneyre, Suite 111, Laguna Beach, CA 92651.

(S-8/89) ROMANTIC 60 YEAR OLD: GWM in Encino, looking for non-live-in companion between 30 and 50 in SFV or L.A. Like classical music, ballet, shows, movies and love long and sensuous mutual J/O sessions. Love tits. I'm 250 lbs., blond, blue eyes, 7" cut. If you like candlelight, wine, soft lights and sweet music when you make love, I'm your man! Write with photo and phone to: **BRUCE.**

(M-8/89) SO. CALIF/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Bright, silver teddy fox, 57, 6'-6", 240 lbs, paunchy, hairy and bearded, still reaching for the brass ring. Very affectionate and sexually flexible. Seek loving relationship with hairy, masculine man. Age, weight, endowment not important. Integrity, responsibility, intelligence and shared interests are. Love follows respect and mutuality. Let's explore interests. Write: **HIPPOCRATES.**

(V-4/90) LONG BEACH SAGITTARIAN: GWM, 51, 5'-7", stocky, hairy, blond/grey. Look like and identify with RAM's cover of CHIRON RISING. Seek GWM who is younger, shorter, somewhat stocky, cleanshaven, some body hair and doesn't drink or do drugs. Write: John Veith, 119 Orange Ave. #10, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(G-8/89) LONG BEACH AREA: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 180#, red hair and moustache, hazel eyes. Open, honest, stable professional with a quiet sense of humor. Non-smoker/light drinker. Enjoy music (especially classical and easy listening), fine arts, overseas travel, ethnic cooking, fitness, current events, intelligent conversation, quiet moments, and enjoyable sex (I am mostly a Fr A/P and Gr Passive cuddler). If you have a compatible personality and similar interests, I would like to hear from you. Write: **TDG.**

(W-8/89) NEAR GLENDALE: Masculine, white, 65, 5'-10", 180#, hairy, bull balls, salt & pepper with beard, non-smoker, seldom drinker, nudist, C-R model. Incredible masseur. Love intimate, active life with right person. Seek younger, all races. Please be stable, loving, sincere. Your nude photo, phone gets mine. Serious replies to: Gene, 4071 Perlita Ave., Apt. "D", Los Angeles, CA 90039.

(D-8/89) LOMPOC/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 48, 6 ft, 220# (stocky), good looking, mustache. Seek monogamous relationship. If you are: mature to 40, good looking, masculine, cut, average to good body, smooth, and civilized in public and uninhibited in private, contact: **KEITH**, or call (805) 735-3165.

(W-10/89) GRINGO GRANDE: Single GWM, 50, 6'-5" tall in the High Desert Area. This big (XL) man is seeking masculine Latin, 25 to 35 for friendship and mutual pleasure. Photo appreciated. Write: **GRANDE.**

(W-8/89) THE TRUTH IS: This 59 year old, 6 ft., 260# of GWM is looking for someone who is a share/ care/ live/ love/ be a friend kind of person. I have a sense of humor, like people, take the time to listen and am really capable of caring. Looks, size, physical characteristics are unimportant. Honesty, truth and desire to share a life when the right person is found are important. Age 21 to 80+. Cause age is a state of mind. Please NO photo. ALL races. All ages. Thanks. Write: **BIGBIRD**.

(B-12/89) SEEKING SERIOUS YOUNG ADULT--NATIONWIDE: 57 year old lawyer in Palm Springs area, 5'-8", 190#, brown/brown, seeks serious young man to share home and life in Palm Springs year round resort area. Prefer 18-25, slim. I am loving, dedicated, stable, friendly, easy-going; active in community affairs; interested in wide range of sports and other activities, especially movies, plays; willing to help right young man get established. Prefer stable non-smoker. Send letter describing yourself to: **BARRISTER.**

(B-8/89) ITALIAN GWM OVER 65: Slender, healthy, masculine appearance. Very affectionate, endowed (7") uncut, fairly horny, non-smoker. Loves kissing, hugging, home-type intimacy. Seeks friends over 250#. Pug nose a plus. Living in San Diego. Safe sex. Call (619) 291-8966 until 10 p.m.

(H-10/89) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 83, 5'-10", 185#, Brown/Brown, 7" uncut, wants hot penpals. Tell me all, I'll do the same. Write: **HOT PANTS.**

(H-2/90) WARM AND LOVING: Handsome, silver hair and very blue eyes, financially secure, 60, 6'-1" tall Greek/P gentleman. Seeks very loving, tall, Greek/A but gentle, experienced gentleman, 30-60, for very sexual but also romantic friendship or relationship. Please, no games, drugs, self-centered egotists. Warm human beings. Idealism and sex, dreams of reality and reality of dreams. Write: **DREAMER.**

(C-10/89) VENTURA OR SANTA BARBARA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, looking for friendship with couples or singles. Honesty a plus. I am 65, 5'-6", 140#. My partner is 39, 6'-4", 275#. We love all kinds of music, movies, gardening, some travel, etc. Write: Paul, 998 Church St. #26, Ventura, CA 93001.

(V-8/89) CALIFORNIA HIGH DESERT/NATIONWIDE: If you're tired of being alone, then you'll probably answer this ad, but please be 101% honest and above board with me; I will with you. I'm in my mid 50s, 5'-8", 150#, hairy body, and well endowed. Am seeking only guys who are on the slim side and who prefer being bottom and A/P French. I could be versatile with the right guy. Seek those who enjoy locker room aromas. Seriously desire a one on one, monogamous relationship with someone who is caring, loving, dependable, and most of all, "hot to trot." Photo please. Nude is optional. Write: **RAMMER.**

COLORADO

(P-2/90) BOULDER DAD WANTS SON: GWM, professional, 66, 5'-11", 185#, blond/grey hair, blue eyes, medium hairy, uncut, educated, gentle, caring, honest, responsible, straight appearing, inter personal growth, loves buns, frottage. Wants son: 21-35, lover, friend, escort. Prefer trim, no drugs, penpals nationwide. Photo appreciated. Write: Leo, P.O. Box 539, Boulder, CO 80306.

(J-8/89) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, mid-50's, healthy, masculine, professional, balding gray, 5'-8", thick 7" uncut, looking for self sufficient, sincere, masculine younger man who wants the guidance and affection an older man can provide. Dentures and interest in music and cooking a plus. Sense of humor a must. Smoking, alcohol and some kink okay. Looking for possible relationship, not a pen pal. Photo appreciated. Write: Bob, 4 Studio Pl., Colorado Springs, CO 80904 or call (719) 632-8909.

CONNECTICUT

(S-8/89) CONNECTICUT-CENTRAL SHORE LINE: Business professional, GWM, 62, 5'-11", 165#, grey full hair, brown eyes, glasses, clean shaven, trim, masculine. I am a healthy college graduate, physically active; love sailing, swimming, bicycling, hiking, camping, skiing, reading, working with community and youth organizations. Church (Protestant), MCC and my faith are important to me. Looking for regular companion with similar interests and type to share, talk, do things with--intellectual and social compatibility are first. Also non smoker, light drinker, interested in people and social issues, in good physical shape. I travel all over Conn. selling school textbooks. Write, with your phone and information about yourself, to: **BOOKIE**

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(D-10/89) LET'S GET TOGETHER: Me: GWM, 56, 5'-10", 200#, Fr A/Gr P. You: Intelligent, humorous, literate, looking for friendship or more. Write: **BRAVISSIMO.**

FLORIDA

(B09-4/90) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1",155# and 64, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857.

(M-8/89) STILL SEARCHING: for SERGEANT SAVAGE. Should be at least 225# and very hairy. To me, age is a state of mind. I'm 39, 5'-11", 185#, redhead. Looking for safe-sex only. Write with photo to D.M., P.O. Box 76102, St. Petersburg, FL 33734. Also looking for any 1986 issues of SWAN. Write: **MIMUS**

(M-8/89) PERMANENT RELATIONSHIP ONLY: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 210, wants to give masculine man-- retired, military, disabled veteran or 65 years above--all my T.L.C. Looks unimportant. Lover and I broke up after 12 years in 1986. I'm passive G/F, a nurse, HIV Negative, large tits, short full beard, hairy chest, quiet, somewhat shy, financially secure, expect same. I want to love and be loved by caring, serious, generous gent, to relocate here. I need you, want you and will care for you always. Ed Moore, 1423 Umbrella Tree, Edgewater, FL 32032. (904) 426-0203 (No Collect, please).

(A-8/89) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA MUSICIAN: 62, seeks responsible, sane mate, 30's to 50's. Smoker, social drinker fine. Be active/passive French and very active Greek. Hung and hairy, not overweight are plusses. Honesty and fidelity are musts. No drugs. I am heavy set. Write: G.A., 1209 N. Tamiami Tr. #89, Ft. Myers, FL 33903.

(H-12/89) FT. LAUDERDALE NICE GUY: GWM, 38, 161#, 6'-1", brown hair, blue eyes. Nice smooth body, great skin, 9-1/2 inch big cock. Very friendly individual with great house in Ft. Lauderdale. Looking for nice guys 40 to 80, both visitors and permanents. Have hot videos, just lay back and enjoy. Like hairy, heavy, stocky types, but not necessity. Like to spank you lightly for fun. And leather and lite bondage are fun, but not necessity. Love 69 and G/A. All great SILVER CENTAURS please write and send photo. I will do same. Write: **REDDY.**

(S-8/89) TRAVELING MAN: Bi male, 5'-10", 170#, just turned 45 (look 35), dark blond hair, blue/grey eyes. Looking for professional males, 40 to 60. Big and hairy a plus. Enjoy easy-going, laid-back, relaxing times. I'm an executive in the computer industry and travel; do not smoke and drink socially only. Not into rough stuff. Clean, very selective, disease free and plan to keep it that way. Drop a note and include photo and way to contact. Promise to answer all. Write: White Egret, P.O. Box 840807, Pembroke Pines, FL 33084.

(L-8/89) I NEED A PARTNER IN LIFE: Let me tell you what my needs are, then you write to me and tell me what yours are. I am GWM in 50s who left teaching several years ago to live in the Florida sun. However, I soon took up real estate part time--buying, selling, fixing up houses for rental. I now need a GWM in his 30s for a relationship and a partner for part time work and for cruising to the Bahamas, Key West or New York City. Let me know what you want out of life. Perhaps we can compliment each other. Please send photo. I'll send mine. Write: **BILL.**

(B-8/89) KEY WEST MAN, 57: wants submissive, masculine, younger, hairy bottom. Send photo. Relationship only. Must relocate. Write: Jim, 409 Amelia St., Key West, FL 33040, or phone (305) 296-8630.

(G-8/89) NATIONWIDE/SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: GW Couple--one, 40, 6'-1", 210#; the other, 60, 5'-10", 220#--seeking friendship with other couples and singles, no age limit. We have various interest. Photo appreciated. Write: Jerry Greaux, 262 Willowick Way, Venice, FL 34293.

(A-8/89) IN FT. LAUDERDALE, FL: GWM, discreet, trim, goodlooking, masculine, intelligent, articulate, retired guy, looks early 50s, HIV-negative, 5'-10", 150#, br/br, in excellent health, 6" uncut, no sexual hangups, seeks companion for weekly episodes. Desires you to be HIV-negative, fairly trim, and outgoing. Sincere response and photo gets same. Write: **GUY.**

(J-2/90) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 40, 5'-11", 195#, searching for honest, sincere, warm and affectionate, husky or heavyset, masculine senior to share pleasures, passions and life. Write, with photo please: Jackson, P.O. Box 2072, Marco Island, FL 33969.

(C-10/89) CENTRAL FLORIDA: GWM, 63, 5'-8-1/2", 165#, Brown/Brown, clean shaven, cut 5-1/2". Discreet, clean and healthy. Do not drink or use any drugs. Am loving, sensitive and considerate. Many varied interests. Enjoy music, photography, gay videos. Looking for safe sex. Love mutual J/O and 69. Enjoy quiet evenings at home. Interested in monogamous, permanent relationship. Lost my lover of 42 years after bypass surgery. Love to meet someone my age or older to share my new home. Honest and sincere, write with photo to: B. Cleveland, Rt. #2, Box 651H, Lady Lake, FL 32659.

(J-10/89) SARASOTA: Lonesome old Teddybear (non-hairy) wants safe, hot men. Belt okay. Write: 238 Robin Dr., Sarasota, FL 34236-1606.

(A-10/89) FLORIDA NEWCOMER: 40, 6'-2", 215#, blue eyes, graying hair. Interests include sailing, fishing, boating, rural lifestyle, animals, travel, camping, shared home life. Am affectionate, romantic, passionate and very versatile. Prefer 50-?, average to large build, assertive/aggressive men for friendship/relationship. Prefer Gulf Coast/SW Florida, but will answer all. Write: J.A., 7624 Tallyann, Tallahassee, FL 32301.

(K-8/89) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: Seeks 65 or older GW gentleman who likes lots of loving, hugging and everything else included. Prefer non smoker/drinker, honest, discreet, and a real caring, sharing companion. I am retired, 62, 6'-0", 195# (very solid), light brown and gray hair, hazel eyes, and 6-1/2" uncut. Write: Big John, 318 Oasis Park Rd., Ft. Myers, FL 33905. Phone (813) 694-6255.

(G-10/90) NATIONWIDE: Retired gentleman past 60, Miami area, 5'-7", 150#, brown/gray, seeks serious MAN, 30 to 45, masculine, slender, to share home. I am loving, dedicated, stable, and enjoy movies, boating, cooking, travel. Prefer non-smoker. Foto and describe yourself. Write: C-R Reader, P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33181.

(R-8/89) WEST CENTRAL FLORIDA: GWM, 46, 5'-11", 225#, retired (disability) and enjoying the good life by myself, as my life partner died in 1983 after 17 wonderful years. Wish to share interests in music, theatre, dogs, computers and video, with a younger GWM. Write: Marty, P.O. Box 5505, Spring Hill, FL 34606-5505.

GEORGIA

(S-8/89) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 58, turning 59, 5'-7", 220#, grey, chubby, hairy, sincere and loveable, would like to meet affectionate men under 30 years old, good build, all races. I travel extensively. Send photo. Write: F.P.S., 315 N. Tibbs Road, Dalton, GA 30720.

(P-6/90) FATHER TYPE WANTED: (emotional, not financial) GWM, Dutch/American, 48 years old, 6'-2", 220#, semi-retired professional, financially independent, bilingual, greyish hair, smoke, drink socially, discreet, enjoy excellent way of living. Looking for a man's man, father type, hairy, stocky (not fat), 50-65 years old, boardroom-type, stable. Also, HIV negative, discreet and not afraid of mixed society and small talk once in a while. Likes to enjoy life with somebody in a healthy and honest way and not afraid to improvise on sexual behavior for the time being. Please write letter and send photo with clothes on. Not interested in the meat market, because there should always be some fantasy and romance left. Write: OSPREY

ILLINOIS

(M-8/89) QUAD CITY AREA, ILLINOIS-IOWA: Professional, GWM, 175#, 5'-10", 60+, uncut, sensitive, creative, intelligent, quiet, clean shaven, silver grey hair, live alone, like to garden. Would like to correspond, exchange photos, meet with men interested--50+. Dog lovers a plus. Write: **EMMJ.**

(S-8/89) CHICAGO BETTER HALF WANTED: GWM, 40ish, 6', 183#, 7" cut, non-smoker, blond, beard, affectionate, attentive to your needs, love San Francisco, fine food, wine, seeking younger man to be No. 1 in my life. Write: **LIBRA.**

(C-10/89) MELT AT PHOTO OF THUNDERBIRD? SO DID I! BiWM, late 60s, hung and yearning to breathe free but will settle for gay correspondence. Into: cocks, books, music, cocks, sincerity, firm-wristed masculinity, cocks, responsibility, clever rauchiness, cocks. Write: **PATROCLUS**

(W-2/90) THERE IS SNOW ON THE ROOF BUT THERE IS FIRE IN THE FURNACE: Older Chicago chubbie (slightly over 60 and over 300 pounds) needs young chasers (30 and under). Lots of love for small chasers with big dicks. Like Tom of Finland types. Like lots of play and sex. Write: **MAGIC.**

(M-10/89) CHICAGO FISHERMAN! WM, 5'-9", 185#, fishing for a fat friend (45 to 75 years old) to be close with and enjoy each other. No Greeking. I have a little smaller than average cock, but a loving one. I'm straight acting and love to fish. Please call work week nights. Have answering machine - (312) 725-1871, or write: **FISHINGNUT.**

(O-2/90) BIG BELLIED MEN: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 136#, 6" cut, muscular, blue eyes, wants to hear from well hung, heavy men. Your picture gets mine. Write: JNO, 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

(P-6/90) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, non-smoker preferred--self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE.**

(R-8/89) LOVING FEM TYPE, CHICAGO/USA SOUGHT FOR MATE: Chicago GWM, 33, 6'-4", 195#, masculine, swim build, hairy, stable, sincere, likes straight porno, role play, home life, workouts. You: passionate, French active, Greek passive, submissive (private drag a plus), domestically talented. Age, race, looks unimportant. Attitude and sincerity is. Write: **RUFF.**

INDIANA

(H-8/89) CENTRAL INDIANA: Clean, warm, sensitive, caring, WM, 5'-7", 160#. New to gay ways but very interested. Likes people, music, animals, videos, cooking, good food and being close. Home lover. Casual blue jeans, sweats and sneakers type person. Hates being dressed up. Very casual 63 year old professional. Write: **CHICK.**

KENTUCKY

(H-8/89) TURKEY CREEK: W/M age 57, 5'-8", 200#, full head of dark brown hair, blue eyes, legally blind, read with magnifier. Looking for pen pals open minded enough to write handicapped men. Please write in broad, 1/2" block letters. Cannot read anything smaller. Write: Hugh Hampton, Rt. 61, Box 90, Turkey Creek, KY 41570.

(W-6/90) CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS: GWM, 72, 5'-11", 160#, cut, looking for kindred spirits young and old, likes cocks, kissing, cuddling warm male bodies in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40593, or call (606) 272-7193.

LOUISIANA

(B-12/89) LOUISIANA MAN, W/M, 27, 6', 190#: brown hair, green eyes, seeking 40+, the older the better. Like to hear from all non smokers interested in fishing, golf and music. Very versatile Fr/Gr, I like it all. Photo appreciated. Write: Rufus, Box 2135, Shreveport, LA 71162.

(L-2/90) NEW ORLEANS/GULF COAST: GWM, 64, 6'-1 1/2", 200#. Blue eyed, silver-haired, kind, affectionate, sincere, romantic gentleman seeking companion from 25 to 50 to share quite times and make memories. Write: Clint, 232 Pelican Ave., New Orleans, LA 70114.

MARYLAND

(S-4/90) BALTIMORE: 66 year old, retired artist, 5'-6", 160#, mostly gray hair and beard. Hairy body, horny bisexual. Love passive French, also I'll reciprocate with J/O and mouth/tit work. Looking for more friends in area, not just sex. Affectionate. Interests: Art, music, pets, gardening, astrology. Write: **SKUA**

(M-10/89) MARYLAND-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 56, 5'-8", 185#, uncut, moderately hairy body, grey thinning hair, French/Greek A/P, J/O, seeks friends and phone J/O. Travel East Coast, Adirondacks. Would like to visit buddies in Florida, Vancouver. Telephone and photo appreciated. Live near Washington and am at home days and evenings. Age/race not important. Health and safety is prime. Write: **OBAN.**

(T-8/89) COCKEYSVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 34, 155#, Bl/Bl, mainline Christian, professional. I have always looked and felt older than I am, and I love men, 40-90. I like board games, dogs (show, sport), the outdoors, long country drives, and pen-pal correspondence. Buy the June-July 89 CHIRON RISING edition, read SILVERFINCH's article, "To Hell With Gaymain." I think he hits the nail right on the head. For me, every other weekend is a three day weekend, and just for fun, I can travel north to Boston, MA, south to Norfolk, VA, or west to Pittsburg, PA, on the weekend if we hit it off. I would love to become pen-pals with other non-prisoners and I may be able to visit you anywhere on my vacations. Please, no drugs or dishonesty. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030, or call me at (301) 628-0415 between 7-10 p.m. (no answering machine).

MASSACHUSETTS

(D-10/89) NEW ENGLAND YOUNGSTER: 26, wants you. Seeks partners, penpals or phonecallers. Prefers hairy, BIG, sexy men, 40's to ? for safe, intimate play. Uncut, tattoos, bellies a plus. Photos appreciated. Write: D.N.D., 1440 Beacon #813, Brookline, MA 02146.

(Y-8/89) OLDER SEEKS YOUNGER LOVER: Relationship wanted with someone who likes country living. Should be between 30-45, thin or wirey, stable, masculine and want monogamous life. I'm 6'-4", 190#, 67, secure, and believe in making and keeping someone happy. All kinds of interests. Love country woods, outdoors. Am retired. No phonies. Sincere and serious only. Write: CBY, Box 80, Ashgrove Road, Cambridge, NY 12816.

MICHIGAN

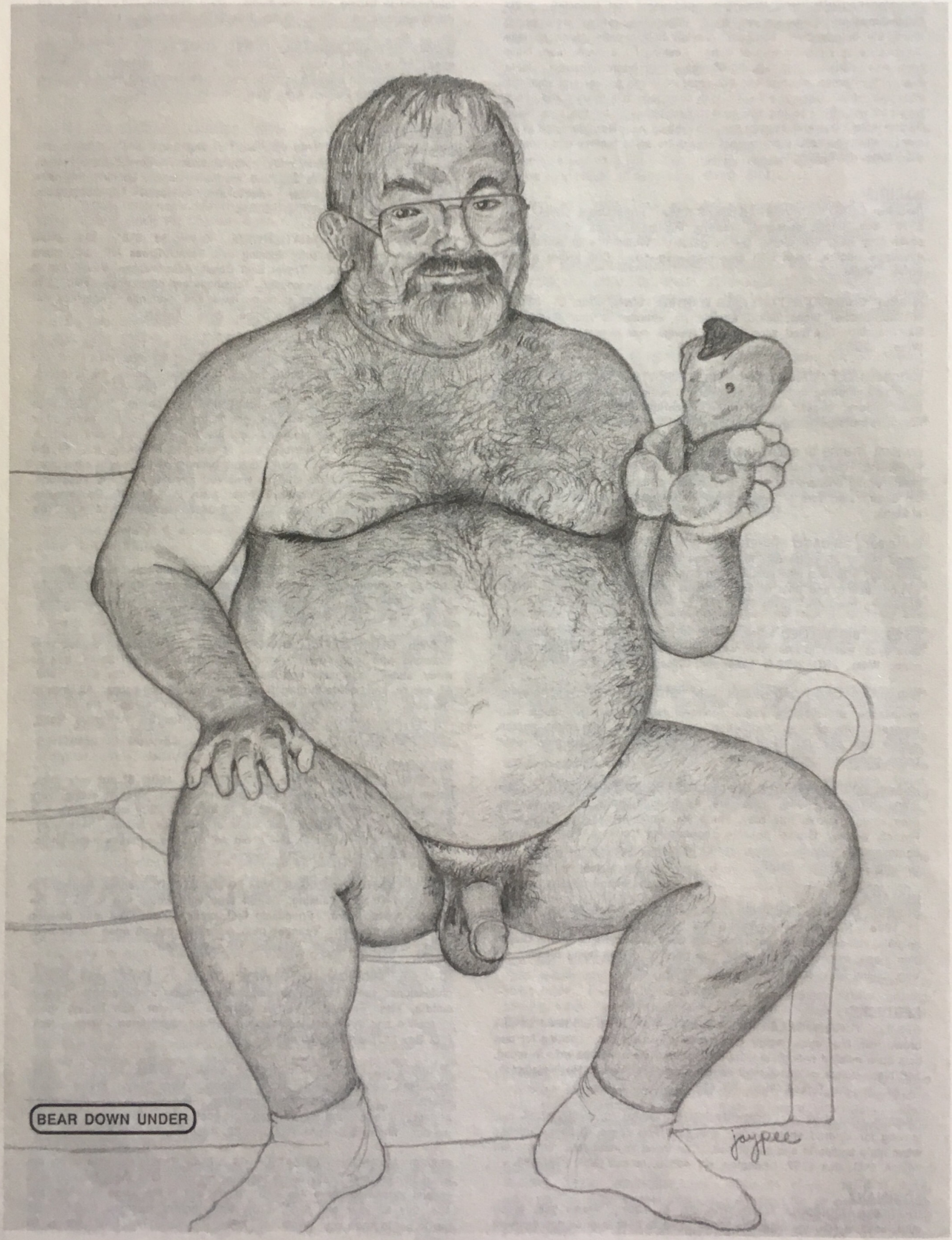
(S-10/89) LIKES BIG BUNS: WM, 27, 5'-7", 150#, 6" cut very thick, brown hair/eyes, mustache, hairy body, masculine, straight acting, very affectionate. Seeks older man, 55 to 75 and over 230# for friendship and good sex. Prefer grandpa type, white or grey hair, balding, hairy body, under 5'-8", with-- most of all-- a big set of buns. Please send photo. Write: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150.

(B-2/90) CENTRAL MICHIGAN GWM, 50 YEARS OLD: Wanted: Someone in the Grand Rapids, Lansing, Detroit area who would like to go to the theatre, opera, ballet. Friendship first; other opportunities may develop as mutually desired. Younger man preferred, but all ages considered. Write: L.B., Box 48, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804-0048.

(Q-12/89) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 165#, healthy professional, seeks friends, penpals and eventually a relationship. Like to cuddle, kiss, Fr A/P. Varied interests. Prefer less heavy, more masculine and those not incarcerated. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724.

(F-10/89) STOCKY DUDE SEEKS SAME: GWM, 59, 5'-8", 210#, masculine, seaplane pilot. Love outdoors. Very hairy. Prefer rugged sportsman or heavy equipment operator. Top man a plus, but who's perfect? I've got the perfect vacation spot for the fisherman, so check me out. Write: Bob Ford, P.O. Box 62, Roseville, MI 48066.

(J-8/89) MICHIGAN - GREAT LAKES AREA: This is the time in my life when things have finally come together for me. One thing missing is a special person to share this with. If you are in the same situation, are 40+, this 52 year old, 5'-9", 170#, white haired, bearded GWM would like to get to know you. Write: D. Jones, P.O. Box 1744, East Lansing, MI 48826.


BEAR DOWN UNDER
jaypee

(S-10/89) SEEKING LOCAL YOUNGER MAN: with the capacity to respect self and others, reliability without rancor, plus the gift of being chronic good company, by gentleman, 60. Brightness essential for your good as well as mine. Non-negotiable: No ashtrays. (Too much to ask?) Photo unimportant: Attractiveness will be reflected in your response uncluttered by turgid descriptions of endowment and intimate practices. Should you have smoothly retractable foreskin, however, the favor of a prompt reply would be appreciated by H.S., P.O. Box 82, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303. Ditto pianists!

MINNESOTA

(W-12/89) NATIONWIDE: Japanese, 32, 6'-0", 175#, software engineer, looking for the companionship of someone 40-65 in California or Texas areas. Would like to relocate. Please send your brief resume to Wayne, P.O. Box 8023, St. Paul, MN 55108.

(A-8/89) MINNESOTA: GWM, 5'-10", fiftyish, slender, affectionate, affable, clean-cut, unstereotyped, low-key, communicative, rationally romantic, informed, gently witty, seeks sensitive, mature, thoughtful, unconceited, undefensive, warm, masculine, correspondence, dating. Write: **STERLING.**

MISSOURI

(M-12/89) MID-AMERICA BM: looking for WM with desire for tender loving times together. Prefer men 45+, uncut with Bull-Balls. Construction workers and truck drivers are a plus. Please write anyway if you are not any of the above. I am very flexible, and desire to please. Photo and phone after first letter. Honesty a must! Write: **BANG.**

(W-10/89) FROM MISSOURI HILLS: I'm 72, 6', 220#, 7" cut, retired professional, free to travel much of year. Likes to winter in S.W. Write: Mel, Rt. 3, Box 368, Salem, MO 65560.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(P-12/89) MY YOUNG LOVER PLEASE ANSWER: GWM, 52, 5'-11", 180#, healthy, professional, balding, brown/grey, 6-1/2" uncut. Divorced after raising family. Ready to settle down, finally. Looking for self-sufficient young man who can become soul mate and friend. Prefer athletic type, into biking, hiking. Have my own house and guest room. Photo appreciated along with needs and background. Write: L.P., P.O. Box 3515, Manchester, NH 03105.

NEW JERSEY

(G-12/89) AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi/W/M, 5'-11", 165#, 61, HIV neg, thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body/buns, tactile and demonstrative. Erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped fringe. Dig submission and mind control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-6690; if recording, leave number.

(B-10/89) NEW JERSEY/NATIONWIDE: 30ish Libra, aspiring poet/writer, seeks those left or right of center for correspondence, intellectual stimulation and friendship. I have no hang-ups about age, size, race, religious or other beliefs, only people who have stopped thinking. All answered. Photo nice but not necessary. Write: **ALGIZ.**

(G-8/89) WORLDWIDE/NATIONWIDE/NEW JERSEY: Hi! I'm a husky, affectionate guy, 45. Hairy on my chest with a rich chocolate complexion all over my body. Wow!! You're a big man with thick thighs, round butt and a heavily hung belly that overlaps your belt. If you can't meet all my specifications, don't get uptight. You're still a human being. Maybe we can work it out, man to man. Write me anyway and find out what it's all about. Thank you for your time. Have a nice day. Thomas Gumbs, P.O. Box 4317, East Orange, NJ 07017.

(D-8/89) NEW JERSEY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 38, 5'-11", over 300#, salt and pepper hair, balding, blue eyes, large tits, big belly. I would like to meet and correspond with guys from 30 and up who are turned on by big guys. Write: James Dwyer, 8 Camp Lane, Fairfield, NJ 07006.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27: NJ, NY, PA or CT man of any race who wants to meet a 6'-3", 245#, 51 year old, white-haired, sensual, WM sage. You'd get tender loving sex as you like it and knowledge of the world and your place in it. I have a place and can afford our travel and entertainment. Write: **OWL III.**

(S-8/89) CENTRAL NEW JERSEY: GWM, 46, 5'-8", 240#, balding/gray, blue/glasses, clean-shaven, hairy body, educated, non-smoker, veteran, clean, gentle, affectionate. Seeks nice, smooth, slim, any race, 20s-40s. Like NYC, classical music, ballet, opera, history, quiet times. Write: Tom Schultz, 212 Baldwin St., Apt. 5-B, New Brunswick, NJ 08901, or call: (201) 828-5649.

NEW YORK

(B-8/89) 55 YEAR OLD, 6'-6" HEAVYSET MALE: professional into JO and videos, gets off on mutual scenes. 8". Looking for cuts and uncuts. The main thing is to get off and enjoy it together. Write: **BOBWHITE.**

(L-2/90) NEW YORK CITY: GWM, 6'-3", 290#, 36, considerate, honest and funloving, would like to meet husky men for friendship and romance. All letters with photo answered. Write: Bob Daniels, P.O. Box 440, Wall Street Station, New York, NY 10268.

(D-12/89) 41 YEAR OLD BOTTOM SEEKS TOP: Italian, hairy, moustache, masculine, 185# solid, balding, 5'-11", stable, sane, not into bars, looking to please the right man (to 60) with lots of affection and hot (safe) sex. You: Masculine, strong, hairy, moustache a plus (no beards). Travel U.S. and international. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DOVEKIE**

(D-12/89) ROMANTIC ITALIAN: 62, 5'-9", 160#, short silver hair, beard, into TT, F A/P, G/A, S/S, HIV neg., seeks very hairy, masculine, football player type, clean cut 50+, facial hair, enjoys theatre, beach, traveling, t.v. Non drinker/drugs. Uncut a plus. Photo appreciated, answer all. Write: **ARIES.**

(H-2/90) NEW YORK CITY-NATIONWIDE: Frenchman, 42, 5'-11", 175#, dark hair, moustache, artist, real estate broker, warm, caring, sensual. Wants to correspond and meet heavy set, white haired gentlemen. Large nipples, belly, rear a PLUS. Can entertain in New York. Write: **PARAKEET.**

(F-8/89) COME FLY WITH ME: A New York City daddy--young looking 54--is looking for a younger guy. I'm healthy, masculine, employed and educated. You're the same and hopefully can appreciate the special qualities maturity can add to a relationship. I enjoy travel and would love to fly away with someone with a back strong enough to carry the bags! If you send a photo and/or phone, you're guaranteed a reply. Write to: **TELLY.**

(S-10/89) WANTED: MODELS. Overweight, no other qualifications. NYC area only--3 hrs per session. Send photo with face showing. Write: **BURT.**

(W-8/89) NATIONWIDE: I need advice. I'm fast approaching 50 and still not sure what I'm all about. Would like to correspond and exchange ideas, photos. Sex not unimportant; I'm just not good at it. Write: K.C. White, 226-1/2 Warren St., Brooklyn, NY 11201.

(F-8/89) NATIONWIDE/WORLDWIDE: GWM, 65, slim, tall, silver-fringed old magician, semi-retired professional, with courtly, gentle, Old-World charm. Lover of books, classical music, performing arts, travel. Passionately devoted to meditation, metaphysics, mysticism, Eastern teachings and other esoteric and occult studies. Committed to personal growth and teaching others who are ready. Non-smoking, non-drinking, vegetarian. Seeking non-smoking, drug-free lifemate, 20ish to 40ish for whom this ad rings a bell. Write: **MYRRDIN.**

(H-10/89) ROMANTIC, HORNY LATIN-AMERICAN: Professional, educated, attractive, well travelled, sincere, mid-40s, husky, hung, 5'-6", 158#, white, black hair, welcomes short, stocky, muscular, hairy partner over 55 for mutual satisfaction and/or possible permanent relationship. Well endowed, big balls, pubic bush, and dentures a plus but not required. Photo exchange and telephone are welcome. Write: **ALLEGRO.**

(P-8/89) MANHATTAN GWM: HIV negative, 53, 5'-10", 150#, 7". Workout and jog. Vegetarian (drink socially). Yoga. Would like to meet men who take care of their minds and bodies (mine is defined). Safe, hot sex. Top and bottom, bottom and top. Let's have fun! Write: A.P., #2A, 71 E. 2nd St., New York, NY 10003.

(S-2/90) BUTCH MAN-NY/NJ/NATIONWIDE: 41, good mind/body, myriad interests. Seek same, 45-70, manly only. Photo/phone a must! Nonsmoker, no drugs. Write: **KTOWL.**

(R-6/90) NEW YORK CITY/N.E. CONNECTICUT: GWM, 47 years, 220#, 6'-0", wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. I'm looking for men who like to be sucked and eaten, front and rear. W/S, Scat, turn me on. Write: F.R., Box 528, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

(R-10/89) MANHATTAN/NATIONWIDE GWM: 50, 5'-8", 192#, executive, worldwide traveler, HIV negative, very horny and affectionate, 5'-5", uncut. Seeks 40 to 60, very masculine men, hairy, beer belly, husky, heavy hung and thick 7 to ? is a plus. Bottom and top, but like top and bottom too. A/P French, A/P Greek, crazy about A/P tits manipulations. Welcome to kinky, leather, bondage, lite S/M. Two or more top men sounds a good idea. Preference for white, Arabs and Hispanics. Eclectic in arts, humour, good food, travels, weekends, real friendship and great nights. Can entertain in Manhattan. Immediate reply to all letters guaranteed. Foto and phone appreciated. Write: **WOLFGANG.**

(R-8/89) BEAR HUNTER WITH SIZZLING NIPPLES PROMISES ECSTACY: (see photo BEAR HUNTER in June 89 and ad in April 89) Much kissing, close body contact, nipple play, rimming, French (dentureless) and more. Anything goes. Couples too. Will travel. Write: R. Avery, Box 6344, GCS, New York, NY 10163-6020, or call (212) 684-3582.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(M-10/89) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: Spanish man, 39, 5'-10", 165#, straight hair, warm, caring and sensual. Looking for men, 55 to 70. Photo appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **TENO**

NORTH CAROLINA

(W-10/89) FAYETTEVILLE-FT. BRAGG: Very oral and loving, 61 year old, 6 ft., blue eyed and grey hair, wants to hear from all interested. I am very affectionate and devoted. Age no matter. Please write. All letters answered. Have 44 inch waist and weigh 235#. Hopefully, someone near will respond. Write: Tom Williams, P.O. Box 2845, Fayetteville, NC 28302.

(H-8/89) ATTRACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT top, 62, 5'-10", 155#, uncut, seeks short, heavy, big-breasted, uncut bottom ready to retire. Long term. Tom Horner, 803 E. Fourth, Greenville, NC 27858.

OHIO

(E-10/89) HOT AND HORNY BLACK: 55, 6'-1", 200 pounds, seeking that someone special for lasting relationship. Stocky a plus and white is a double plus. Call (216) 323-5962 or write: John D. Elliott, 220 Lake Ave., Elyria, OH 44035-4902.

(B-8/89) COLUMBUS WM, 36, SEEKS OLDER PAL: 6 ft., black/brown, beard, healthy, hairy, educated, liberal, masculine, shy, horny, monogamy-minded, smoker, agnostic, into art, nature, rock and classical, science fiction, leather, some kink. Turned on by mature, masculine guys, especially affectionate and paternal attitude. Friendship first, safe only, local area (can't relocate). Write: **BUB**

(D-6/90) SEEKS RELATIONSHIP: GWM, 60, 6'-1", 205#, masculine, horny, healthy, affectionate, sincere. Sports, boating, winter South Florida, summer Ohio, but flexible. Need friend, lover, over 40. You be similar or close thereto. Many varied interests, financially secure, some aid possible. Tom D., P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223.

(L-8/89) AFFECTIONATE YOUNGER PASSIVE SEEKS OLDER ACTIVE: Uncommon professional WM, 34, 6', 180#, attractive, intelligent, well-proportioned, hazel eyes, sexy voice and warm smile. Really sweet, submissive, easy-going and playful with a smooth, round, receptive bottom and passionate, obedient mouth (Greek/P and French A/P). I absolutely adore aggressive/dominant older men (50+: older the better!). Your pleasure is truly mine. Seeking discreet, experienced GR/A friend/lover with a lusty, crusty, adventurous soul! Considering career relocation to California. All answered. Please write, Silver Centaurs, to: **SWEETIE BIRD**.

OKLAHOMA

(R-8/89) LAWTON: 38 year old exec seeks 50+, heavy/hairy, fatherly friend. I am 5'-11", 250#, very smooth skin, glasses, blond hair. Limited travel possible. Relationship possible. Your photo gets mine. Write: Dennis, P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502

OREGON

(B-12/89) PORTLAND AREA: GWM, 68 years young, looking for friendship in male sex, A/P French, P/Greek. Body size, weight, length not important. Good mind and outlook are important. Love touching, kissing your whole body, massage the right parts. Call (503) 241-7922, or write: Bob B., 2020 N.W. Northrup #1208, Portland, OR 97209.

PENNSYLVANIA

(H-2/90) PITTSBURGH/NATIONWIDE GWM, 53, 5'-11", 235#: masculine, but submissive bottom seeks to service rugged looking, beer drinking, cussing, smoking, farmers, miners, military dominants over 50. Into most scenes. Travel difficult but not impossible. I know how to take care of my daddy/boss, Sir! Photo gets mine. Write: Bill, Jr., P.O. Box 592, New Kensington, PA 15068.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

RHODE ISLAND

(J-4/90) CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubby guys, over 250, any age to 75. Send photo to: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

TEXAS

(M-8/89) TEXAS SACK 'N SADDLE MAN: 53, 5'-8", 135#, WM, masculine rugged lookin' former USMC "grunt," truck driver, pro rodeo (14 years), looks for 'em 40's through 60's who suck 'n 69. Not Greek Active or Passive. No fems, overweight, drunks, "beauties," dirt or drugs. No J/O or collect calls. White only. If you are at ease around and in hat, boots, blue jeans, barn stalls, pick up trucks, the country 'n others who would circle suck, in laps, call Dub at (817) 338-1460 (or 870-2045). Write w/photo to: Dub Martin, P.O. Box 9343, Ft. Worth, TX 76147.

(H-8/89) STRAC IN DALLAS: GBM, CHIRON RISING model, 47, 5'-9", 195#, Brown/Brown, stocky, 6" uncut, public relations. Seeking over 40, any race, conventionally versatile. Enjoy the arts and sports. You: straight appearing, stable, self-assured. Some travel. Write: STRAC, 9505 Brockbank Drive #4208, Dallas, TX 75220.

(L-10/89) COASTAL BEND TEXAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, a young 72, 5'-6", 168#, retiree with young erotic fantasies. Fr A/P, Gr P, uncut with deep throat and a tit manipulator. In love, age, race, creed or shape are no factors with me. I love them all. Write: Paul L. Logan, 6838 Everhart, No. 1205, Corpus Christi, TX 78413.

(T-6/90) COWTOWN COWBOY: White, blue, brown/gray, 54, 5'-11", 185#, businessman, horseman, masculine, weightlifter, HIV negative; likes white, over 40, masculine goodnatured buddy. Must be in good physical shape and clean. Not looking for lifemate but want to meet lots of new friends. I like sports, country-western big bands, classical, travel and good conversation. All replies answered. Those with phone/photo get extra quick service. Truckers, travelers welcome. Write: BULLFROG.

(B-6/90) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 43, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men late 50s up--no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards. Live with 80 year old lover--three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. Both HIV negative. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. Non smokers--social drinkers. Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd., Richardson, TX 75081.

UTAH

(C-10/90) SILVER BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 185#, silver crew cut hair and crop beard, salt/pepper stache, hairy, beer belly, 6-1/2 X fat 5-1/2 inches, SWAN/CHIRON RISING model. Welcum mat out for 21 to? Love to share the pleasures of the male body. Photo exchange for this hot, horny, hairy dude. Write: **GULL**

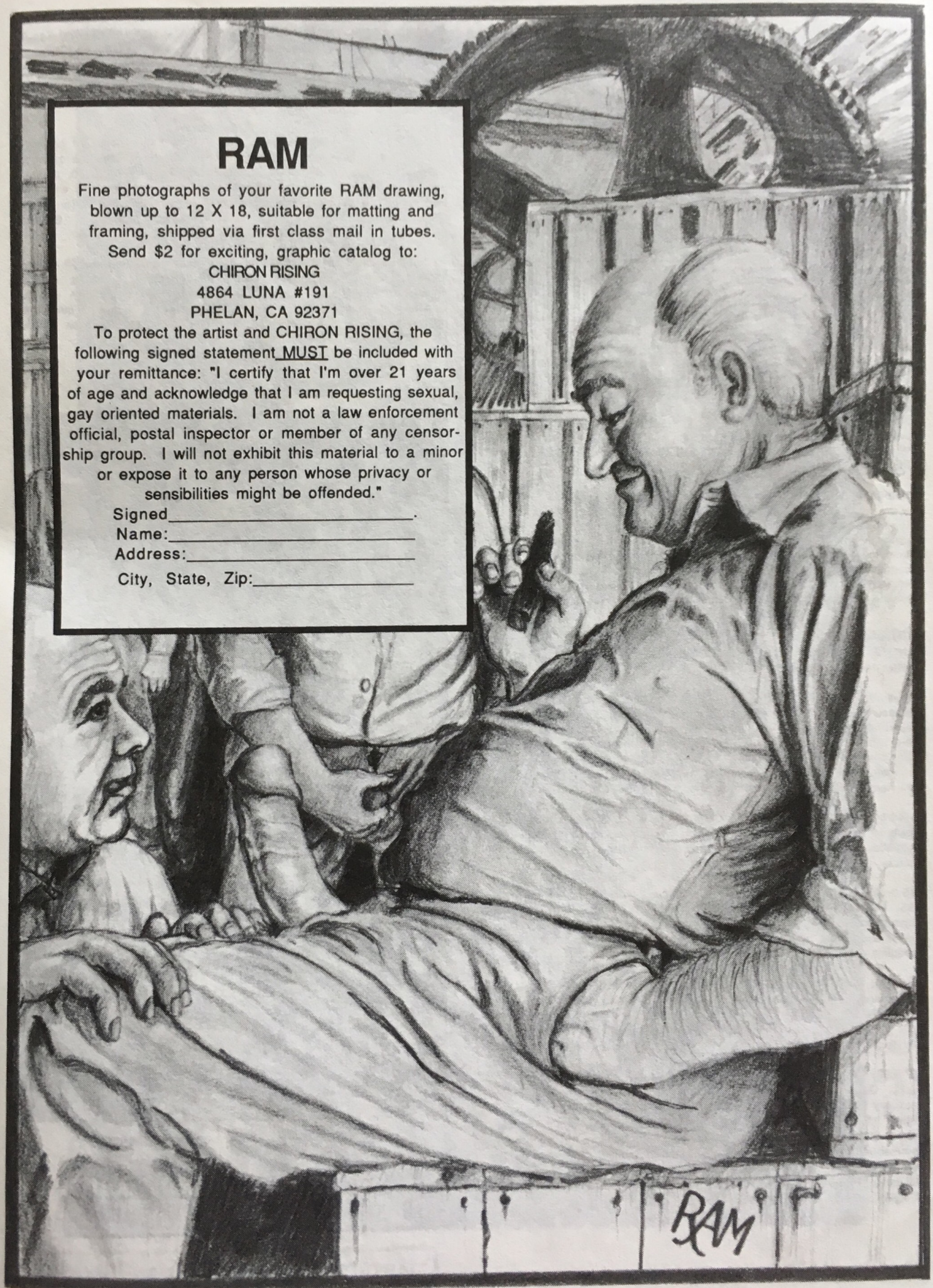
VIRGINIA

(M-10/89) TIDEWATER AREA: GWM, 48, 5'-9", 200, husky, very masculine with beer belly, would love to rub bellies or whatever with men, 40+, 250+. Am looking for fun, not a relationship and am into lite S & M and tit play. Your nude photo gets mine. See my photo on page 59 of the August issue. Write: **SPITFIRE**

(Y-8/89) CHUBBY PENPALS/PICTURES WANTED: by GWM, 40, 5'-4", 175#, moderately hairy. All answered. Richard M. Yeatts, P.O. Box 952, Gretna, VA 24557.

WASHINGTON

(B-12/89) SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill,1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos.



RAM

Fine photographs of your favorite RAM drawing, blown up to 12 X 18, suitable for matting and framing, shipped via first class mail in tubes. Send $2 for exciting, graphic catalog to:

CHIRON RISING
4864 LUNA #191
PHELAN, CA 92371

To protect the artist and CHIRON RISING, the following signed statement MUST be included with your remittance: "I certify that I'm over 21 years of age and acknowledge that I am requesting sexual, gay oriented materials. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group. I will not exhibit this material to a minor or expose it to any person whose privacy or sensibilities might be offended."

Signed_____.
Name:_____
Address:_____
City, State, Zip:_____

(M-8/89) NEWBIRD: That guy, 64, trim, younger than he looks, who had the ad in the February issue really wants to thank all of you guys, especially those who wrote such wonderful, warm, loving letters. I was overwhelmed. But love by letters is not quite what I had in mind. I feel like a Henry Moore statue, a great hole where the heart is. Isn't there someone here for me? Write New Bird, c/o John Breadstill, 1605 Twelfth Avenue, Suite 30, Seattle, WA 98122.

(S-8/89) WASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE: Handsome, very muscular, 6'-0" silver fox, 60 years young, seeks younger, masculine playmate to help me enjoy the rewards of a successful career. Write: Chiron Rising Reader, P.O. Box 94174, Seattle, WA 98124.

(A-12/89) NORTHWEST WASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-11", 180#, soon to retire, would like companion to do some traveling with, 55 to 65. Enjoy 69, J/O, A/P French and nudism. Non Smoker. Your nude photo gets mine in return. Write: **COMPANION.**

WEST VIRGINIA

(J-6/90) DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmer, 40, brown/brown, beard, 190#, orally attracted to 30 thru 85+. Looks, physical condition and cock size are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. Mid-morn phone calls only. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346.

WISCONSIN

(W-8/89) NATIONWIDE: W/M, 55, 170#, 5'-9", looking for friends, pen pals, visitors. Have secluded cottage with pool in West Central Wisconsin. Will answer all. Write: Jim, Rt. 1, Box 1507, Trempealeau, WI 54661. Phone (608) 539-2646.

(L-8/89) WISCONSIN: GWM, 5'-9", 210#, brown hair and blue/grey eyes. Into J/O, nudism, nude photography, active/passive French but no Greek. Love male video and novels. Have several videos. Frequent visitor in the Minneapolis area. Also like gay theater. Recently retired from my professional position. Would like correspondence from all over country. Also would be open to a relationship in the Minn/Wisc area. Will answer all letters and would like a photograph, but that is not a must item. Seeking contacts with persons of similar interests. Write: **KAL.**

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: International ads with codewords require 45 cents per 1/2 oz on letter to be forwarded)

(H-8/89) ENGLISHMAN: 41, 5'-8", 200#, black/greying hair, healthy, masculine, seeks American friends. I like over 55, short, stocky, stout, clean-shaven, hairy-bodied, grey-haired, sexually active, masculine men, but will answer all over 60. Correspond initially, become friends, visit England? I would relocate to America for right man. Also, any C-R readers wishing to visit England, write: Ray Hambley, Stratford House, 21 Hamilton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, BH1 4EQ, ENGLAND.

(B-8/89) PAPUA NEW GUINEA: Good looking Black, 20, seeks mature pen pals all over the world. I love listening and making music, photography, athletics, weight training, traveling and meeting friends. I am an artist of traditional New Guinean erotic drawings. Write: **BAIZA.**

(S-8/89) HEAVYSET MEN WANTED: Hairy, athletic, American in Spain, 35, 6'-2", 215#, seeks firm strong, heavy set men, 45-65. I like sports, travel and good company. Pen pals and travelers welcome. Your letter and picture get mine. Try me. Write: **SOL.** (Note: this codeword requires only a 25 cent stamp because of an APO box)

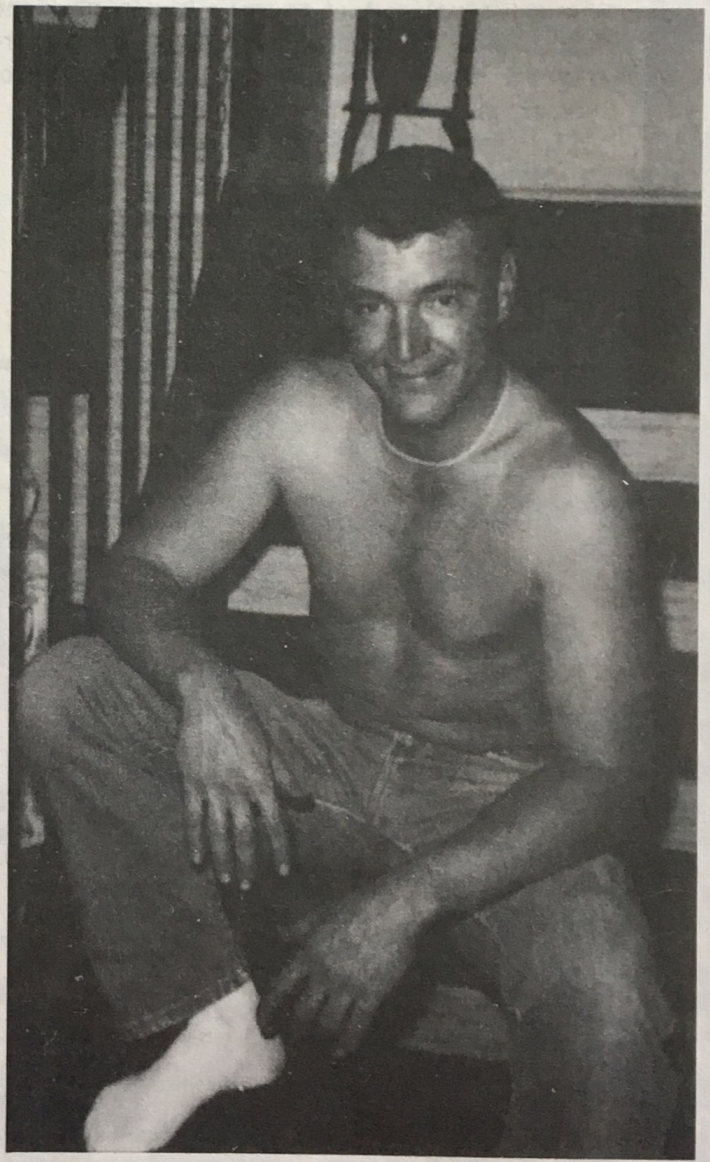
(V-6/90) INDEPENDENT YOUNG MAN: 33, 5'-8", 160#, enjoys cycling, swimming, tennis, moderate drinker/smoker. Would like to hear from men 40+ with hairy body and big balls, prefer a manly type not afraid to get his hands dirty. Send letter with photo to Frank, 31 Alexander St. #419, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA, M4Y 1B2. All replies answered.

(P-8/89) CANADA: Single, W.M., lightly haired, 54, 5'-6", 150#, G.E., D.H., C.S., N.S. abstainer to light drinker, discreet, most trusting, sexually healthy. Love water, good hygiene. Seeking compatible, non or lightly haired Caucasian to 5' to 5'-6" and or + N.S., N.D. or light drinker, for a meaningful, affectionate relationship. Interest: F:A/P, kissing, houseboating, motor home living, camping, cycling, bathing, nature watching, weight, etc. Relocation possible, nationwide. Do write soon and to meet. Photo swap. Write: A.P., Box 210, 11 Pl. Concorde P. Outlet, Calgary, Alberta, CANADA T2P 4H5.

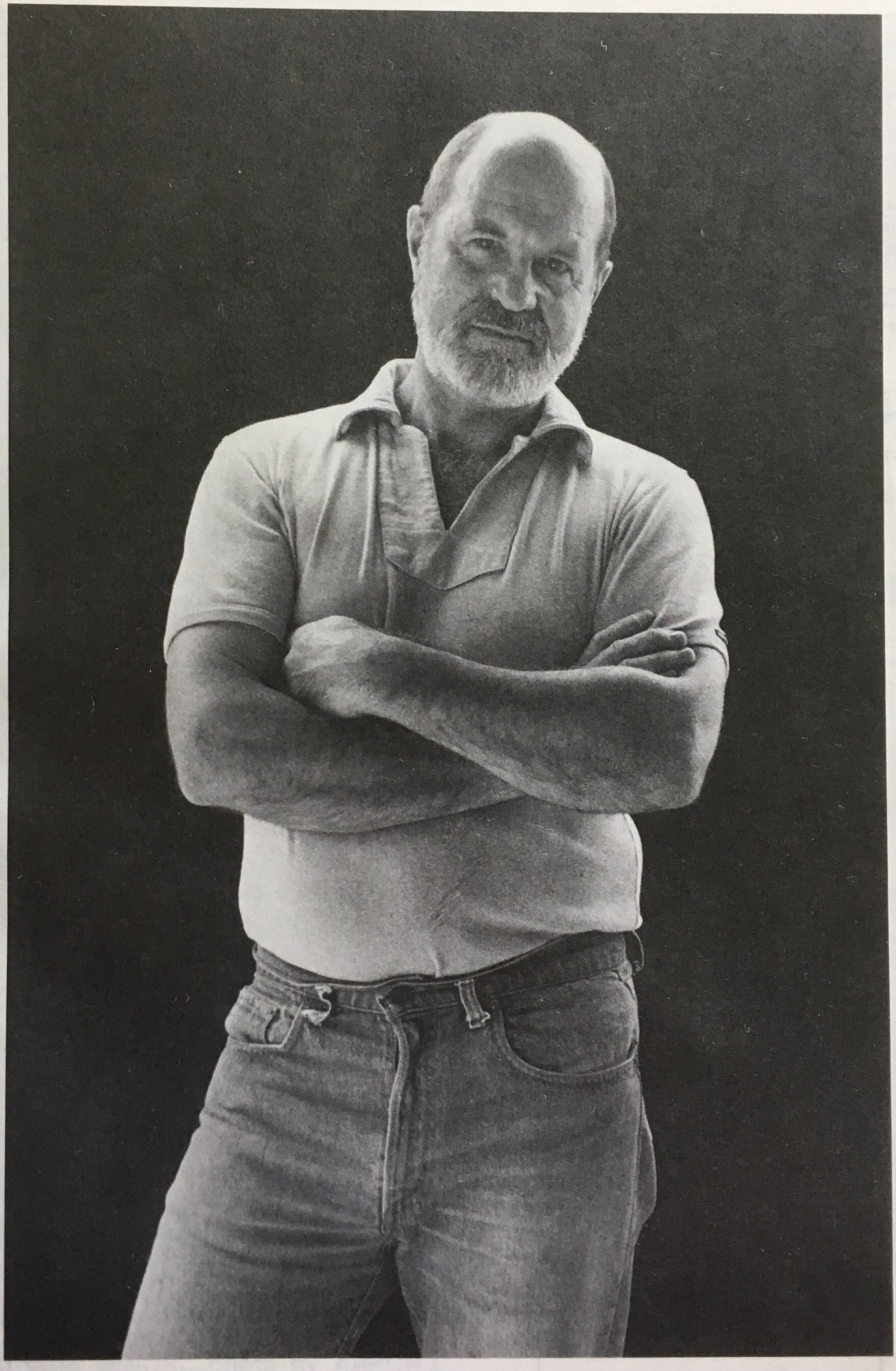
(B-12/89) FRANCE: Ethnologist, gentle, sentimental, 43, 5'-7", 143#, would like to know a gentleman over 70 years old (the older the better), grandpa type, white hair or bald, with big belly (not hairy), affectionate, loyal. I wish correspondence, exchange of photos, and (if in agreement) mutual visits for a real friendship. I like classical music, painting, and, naturally, good cooking! Write: **PHILPARIS.**

(B-8/89) PARIS FRENCHMAN: 45, 5'-9", 198#, athletic, oil painter, good sense of humor, employed in public finance. I love the country, reflection, chubby grandfathers. Seek lover/pen pal, 60 to 80, plump, even big, graceful, cultured--a Francophile who will help me with my English. You speak French, perhaps? Exchange photos (or good photocopies), feelings, perhaps visit. Write with photos to: Gerard Bouscary, 119 rue d'Avron, 75020- Paris, FRANCE.

(C-8/89) HEAVY MAN WANTED: Very handsome Chinese, 28, 5'-9", 145#, physician. Love elder 40-60, heavy set. Cock size, height unimportant. Will visit USA. Travelers welcome. If you like young, Orientals, I'm your man. Just want to give myself a chance to meet the right friend. Letter and photo to: Chang, GPO Box 2452, Bangkok 10501, THAILAND.



DAVID II....photo by TWO FRIENDS



WAYNE HAMPTON....A SELF PORTRAIT

WANT TO GET PUBLISHED IN CHIRON RISING?

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways.

We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

--Cartoons.

--Short stories. At the present time, we are not accepting standard, purely erotic fiction because of a substantial backlog. We are, however, accepting unusual fiction in the genres of comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the sexier the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages. If you are a polished writer who needs no editing, we prefer camera ready in two 3-1/2" columns per page.

--Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

--Poetry.

--Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers-- same as short stories, except limited to 4 pages double spaced or 3 camera ready columns.

--Photographs (color or black & white)--full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or beastiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screenplays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.

AFFILIATED BIGMEN'S CLUBS

584 Castro St.
Suite 139 S
San Francisco, CA 94114

For information about nationwide member clubs for chubby, heavy gay men and their admirers, write to the above.

PORTRAITS BY SKUA

Portraits in all media from your photographs. Pets too! Send long, self-addressed, stamped envelope for price list and information to: SKUA, c/o Walt Schneider, 6100 Park Heights Ave., Baltimore, MD 21215

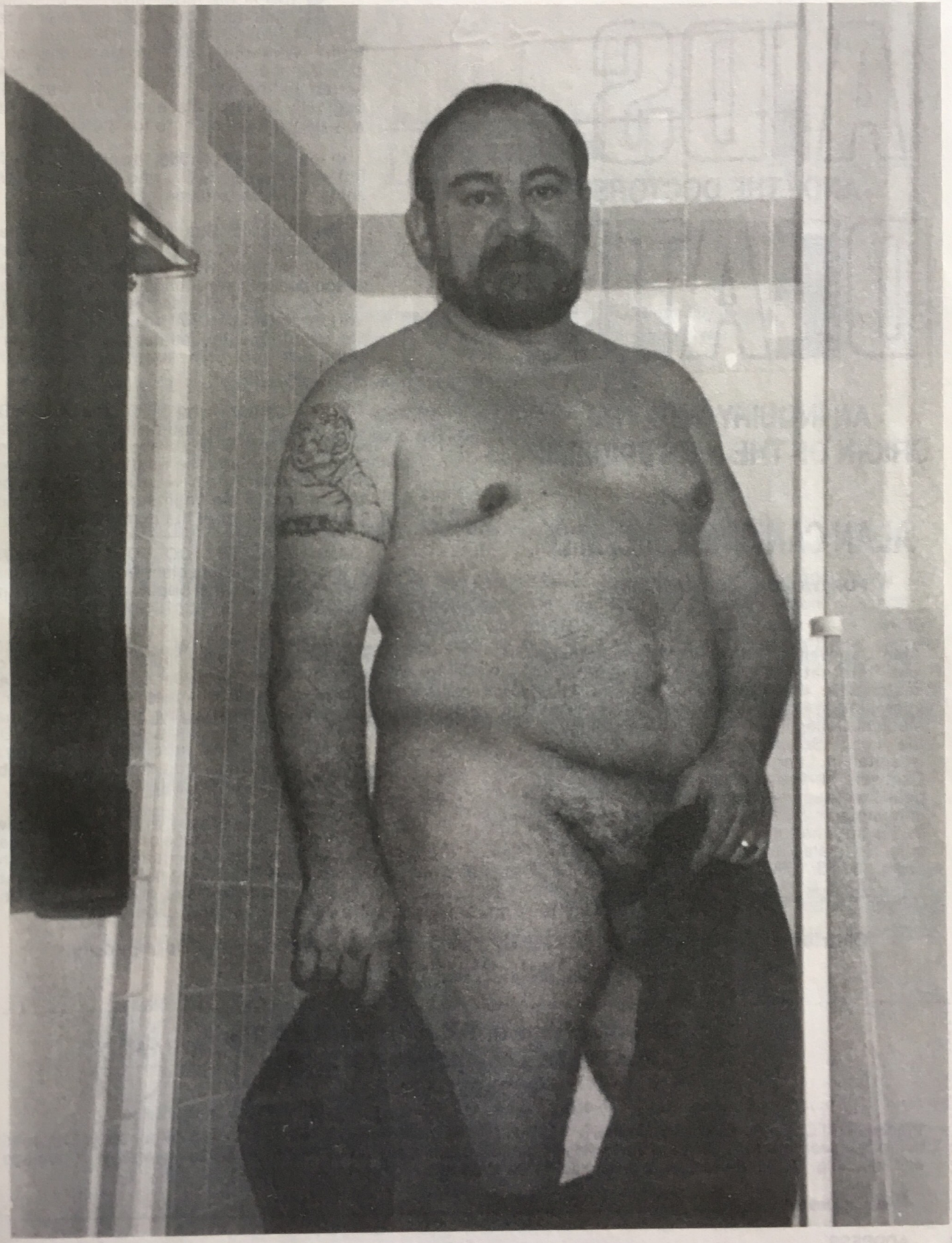
THE POETRY OF RIGINO

fifty-seven
stars in heaven!
over the hill
no longer a thrill
stand up tall--look afar
see the smiling Silver Centaur
long term relationships--I've had three
for the past four years, only me
now I feel like it's my fate
to have again a loving mate
he needn't be handsome or long of lock
but he should have a big thick....*heart*
who can say, it might be luck
to get together for an all-night...*chat*
no matter where the tumbling dice falls
I'd love to kiss his hanging....*earlobes*
I'm not a drinker but do not think
that my mate should not drink
I smoke cigarettes but shun all drugs
just give me lots of hugs
born under the sign of Taurus the bull
I like to keep my belly full
I enjoy good food--eat little meat
stand up tall--a bit under six feet
my other attributes? tut, tut!
five and a half inches--clean--uncut
thinning of hair about the head
soft brown eyes--so it's been said
as for languages I speak
active/passive French, passive Greek
I'm Italian and German--a telling tale
I sail through life with both rudder and sail
spiritual values are important to me
I enjoy the occult and astrology
in fact, you might term me a wizard
but I don't boil toads nor gnaw on gizzard
I celebrate nature--adore full moons
do some Tarot and cast the Runes
we all have types that we seek
so on that point I will now speak
hairy or smooth--makes no mind
better he should be a loving kind
as for weight--I weight one-fifty
if he were similar, that would be nifty
as for "size," I'm not a fool
it's much more fun to ride a long, thick tool
Pat and The Friar, I read your mind
I'm glad to be among my own kind
so, soon I shall get out the old pad
and answer a Chiron Rising ad
in closing, take this gift from me
twenty five dollars for a Casa de Luna tree

***

GREY GRIZZLY

This Mountain Animal gives sensual pleasure to cubs or other grizzlies. Rugged, hairy, bearded, brawny, and gives erotic, arousing massage. Tired of hibernating? Give this Daddy a try. 24 hours. Andy (415) 826-5452



URSUS MINOR....photo by AARON

AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH

AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE AIDS EPIDEMIC

ALAN CANTWELL JR., M.D.

FOREWORD BY JON RAPPOPORT

Alan Cantwell Jr., M.D., is a dermatologist and internationally-known scientific researcher in the field of cancer and AIDS microbiology. He is a graduate of New York Medical College, and studied dermatology at the Long Beach Veterans Administration Hospital in Long Beach, California. Doctor Cantwell is the author of more than 30 published papers on cancer, AIDS, and other immunologic diseases, which have appeared in leading national and international journals. He is also the author of the best-selling book, *AIDS: THE MYSTERY AND THE SOLUTION.* Born in New York City in 1934, Doctor Cantwell now lives in Los Angeles.

AIDS is the most terrifying biological holocaust the world has ever faced. Where did the AIDS virus come from? Why did AIDS mysteriously erupt simultaneously in Africa, Haiti, and Manhattan in the late 1970s? Why was AIDS originally a "gay" disease In America? And why do we have no cure for the disease?

In the summer of 1986, the author met with Robert Strecker, M.D., who supplied frightening answers to these questions.

According to Strecker and other scientists, the AIDS virus is a man-made, genetically engineered virus that was deliberately or accidentally introduced into selected populations as part of a secret scientific germ-warfare experiment. A massive cover-up by the scientific establishment and the government has kept this information from the American public.

Strecker's horrifying assertions of an AIDS conspiracy led the author to research little-known scientific facts about the new epidemic, particularly the relationship between AIDS, animal cancer virus experimentation, and genetic bio-engineering of viruses designed to destroy the immune system.

AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH is the result of this scientific and documented inquiry into the origin of AIDS and the AIDS virus.

In this exposé of AIDS and cancer research, the author links the outbreak of AIDS in the late 1970s in Manhattan, San Francisco and Los Angeles to government-sponsored viral vaccine experiments that used gay men as human guinea pigs. AIDS may also have been introduced into Central Africa by vaccine programs sponsored by the World Health Organization.

Dr. Cantwell explains why scientific knowledge of the seriousness of the epidemic was withheld from the American public, and why a cure for AIDS will not be forthcoming until the possible man-made origin of AIDS and the AIDS virus is fully understood.

Distributed by Baker & Taylor, Quality Books, Inland, New Leaf, and Bookpeople.

HARDCOVER $18.95 ISBN 0-917211-00-6
Library of Congress No. 87-37355 240pp, author and subject indexes and bibliography

Mail Order Form To: ARIES RISING PRESS
Box 29532, Los Angeles, CA 90029
(818) 957-8751

Please send____ hardcover copy/copies of **AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH** at $18.95 per copy. Enclosed is my check or money order payable to Aries Rising Press. Please add $1.50 per book to cover cost of postage and handling. California residents must add $1.24 state tax. Please send my books to:

NAME (please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____

Price includes shipping, postage, and handling. Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.

ORDER FORM

Yes, I want to subscribe! Please send me your next six (6), bi-monthly issues, beginning with the _____issue, at the following rate (check applicable):

Note: If you are resubscribing, check here: ☐

☐ North America - $34.55 (Includes FIRST CLASS/AIR MAIL postage).
☐ Elsewhere - $50.00 (Includes AIR MAIL postage).

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING BACK ISSUES ARE NOW AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

☐ CHIRON RISING MARCH 89 SPECIAL ISSUE. Features the writing of JONATHAN JAY, GHOSTJUMPER, HAWFINCH, XYLOPHANG, WILD BILL and BILL HARRIS; the artwork of ALAISTER, AARON, JAYPEE, JOHN R., SKUA, COYOTE, BIG EDDIE, ELIO and RAM; and photos of JOE, HARRY, JASON P. WILLIAMS, BEER CAN THICK, THE FRIAR, EL CID, EX-LOGGER, SYRINX, SPITFIRE and THE BIKER. Out of breath? Well, so are we after putting it all together. But you're worth it! And so is the issue at $12.95, which includes First Class Postage. Add $3 for Air Mail overseas. **NOTE: THE RELEASE BELOW MUST BE SIGNED IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THIS ISSUE. THERE WILL BE NO EXCEPTIONS.**

☐ SWAN August '88
☐ SWAN December'88-January '89
☐ CHIRON RISING April-May '89
☐ SWAN October-November'88
☐ CHIRON RISING February-March '89
☐ CHIRON RISING June-July '89

Note: For Subscribers, all back issues sell for $6.00 each and price includes FIRST CLASS postage. For AIR MAIL (other than North America), back issues are $9.00 each. For non-subscribers, add $2.00 to either price. CHECK ITEMS CHOSEN AND ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (IN U.S. FUNDS ONLY), PAYABLE TO CHIRON RISING. MAIL TO: CHIRON RISING, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371.

NAME:_____
ADDRESS:_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

I certify that I'm over 21 years of age and acknowledge that I am requesting sexual, gay oriented materials. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group. I will not exhibit this material to a minor or expose it to any person whose privacy or sensibilities might be offended. Signed:_____

PERSONAL AD FORM

PERSONAL ADS ARE NOW AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

Personal ads for subscribers are priced at 20 cents per word, with a minimum order of $ 5.00. Personal ads for non-subscribers are priced at 50 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10.00. Codewords for subscribers are $2 per issue. Codewords for non-subscribers are $5 per issue. Please provide **all** the following information:

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Use attachment if more space needed.)_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

AD CLOSING: (If requesting codeword, state any fictitious one word name here and we will forward all mail to you. If codeword has already been assigned, we will assign you another. If you want replies mailed to you directly, use real name, alias or initials, followed by mailing address. Do not use "Occupant" or "Box Holder" with P.O. boxes or drop boxes)_____

_____

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____ AD DURATION:_____ Issues

PRICING: _____Words @ ___(20 or 50) cents/word X _____Issues = $_____

Codeword (if applicable) - _____ Issues @ ____($2 or $5) = $_____

Total $_____

Note: Items like "GWM," "J/O," "P.O.," "A/P" and numbers count as one word. We will not allow descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. Specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take full responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident. (Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371

NOTE: The deadline for receipt of ads for the October 89 issue is August 15, 1989.

VISITING THE HIGH SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DESERT?

FREE ONE NIGHT LODGING and breakfast for validated CHIRON RISING subscribers offered by new management of nice motel, located at the gateway to Joshua Tree National Monument. Call (619) 366-8614 for details. Two weeks notice required and subject to availability, otherwise just $25 per night. Ask for Frank. OFFER LIMITED!

DISCOUNT BOOKS

A top quality mail order book service that offers fiction, biography, history, religion, poetry, drama and travel books, all new, hardback and paperback, at substantial reductions. Send $2 for catalog. TOM HORNER, 803 E. Fourth St., Greenville, NC 27858 (919) 752-5272

Enrolled To Represent Taxpayer Before Internal Revenue Service

10% off with this coupon

TAXES & BOOKKEEPING

Narain G. Mukhi, E.A.
Xanadu Associates, Inc.

655 Teresita Blvd.
San Francisco, CA
(415) 585-6585

ASSOCIATES

NAEA

Girth and Mirth of Greater Los Angeles

P.O. Box 19520
Los Angeles, CA 90019
(213) 960-7611

IN CLOSING

THE STATE OF THE PUBLICATION

During 1987, when we first started growing rapidly, we figured that by 1989, we'd have 10,000 subscribers and a partner who would oversee production, advertising and distribution. It's never been a secret that we have a tiger by the tail with the editorial aspects alone--never mind the awesome tasks of ad coordination, correspondence, printing coordination and the biggest tiger of them all: distribution.

Small wonder then when the grind began to wear us both down. The Friar is almost 69 and works harder than at any other time in his life. He deserves a rest. I sometimes put in 16 hour days and rarely take a day off. My doctor warns me that burnout is imminent and that my health problems are all stress related and highly dangerous.

In spite of the facts that we have created one of the best entertainment magazines to come along in the past decade and have a subscription renewal rate of around 50% (the industry standard is around 10%), our subscriber base is now static. The thrill of winning a new subscriber is offset by a subscriber who doesn't renew. Our peers sit back and shake their heads, saying, "No wonder they're losing their ass. They don't know how to aggressively pursue advertising income. They don't know how to land a good distributor; consequently, they get eaten alive by naively trying to deal directly with the bookstores." Guilty on both counts. Even if we knew how, there is no time to effectively do these things.

Since The Friar and I don't wish to become martyrs, we have decided to consider the following options:

-- Find a partner who will be totally responsible for the publication, advertising and distribution functions of CHIRON RISING, as we retain the creative and editorial functions.

--Sell the publication, advertising and distribution functions of CHIRON RISING. In other words, we'd still write, edit and put the camera ready material together, but some far more efficient person or group would publish and distribute the magazine to book stores, single issue mail order buyers and those who subscribe or renew after the magazine is split up. Since we have promised that we will not sell subscriber lists to others, we would continue distributing subscriber issues until the subscriptions lapse.

--Sell the entire magazine, with the stipulation that I stay on as editor and be allowed to buy back a certain amount of issues for personal distribution to present subscribers.

Whatever happens, we will not abandon our subscribers.

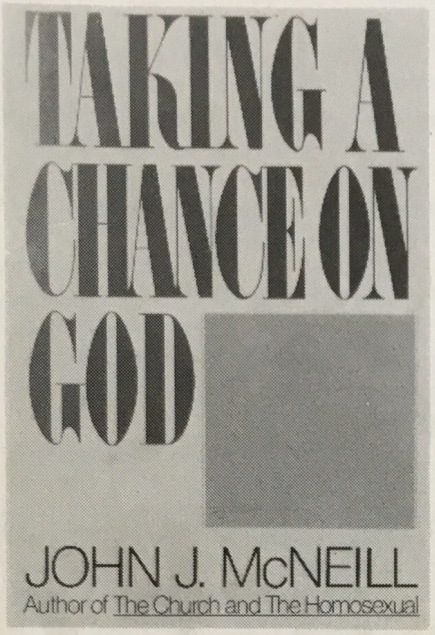
If you are interested in considering our formal offer and terms of sale, please send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope, along with a request for the offer. We'd like nothing better than to deal with a Silver Centaur and keep the magazine in our little family.

We sincerely believe that CHIRON RISING has the potential to become a major international publication, which will bring dignity and benevolence to its readers and monetary rewards to its owner(s). We've done as much as we can do and must now seek someone who will firmly grasp the baton and lead the next leg.

Deep down, you all know that anyone else would have either jumped ship or downgraded the magazine considerably. We deserve a break.

***

Relevant Religion from John McNeill



TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD

Liberating Theology for Gays, Lesbians, and Their Lovers, Families, and Friends

"Taking a Chance on God is a compassionate, erudite, wise book, a testament of a courageous priest who stands by his word and whose life, reflected here so movingly, has brought solace to so many. Father John McNeill brings order and sense to an incoherent time. We are once more in his debt."

— Daniel Berrigan

213 pages $17.95 cloth

THE CHURCH AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

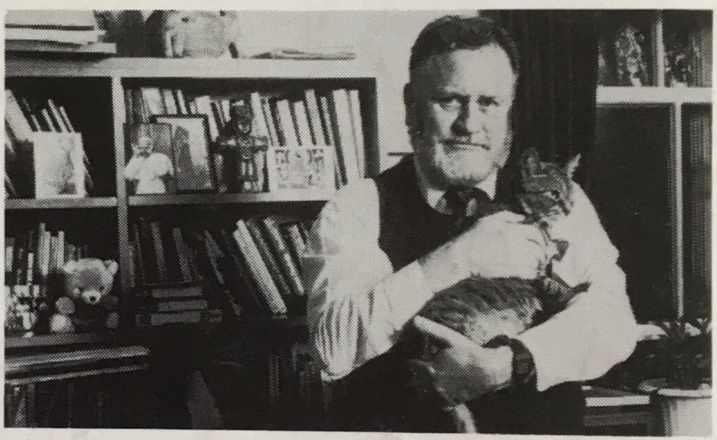
Third Edition, Updated and Expanded

Now with new material on AIDS, gay and lesbian sexuality and McNeill's own struggle with the Catholic Church.

"A vintage work in the evolving history of the relationship between gay people and institutional Christianity. McNeill's book remains central to the story."

— Malcolm Boyd, author of *Take Off the Masks*

266 pages $9.95 paper



JOHN J. MCNEILL was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

To order from Beacon Press, complete the form to the right and send check, money order, or provide MasterCard or VISA number and return to:
Order Department, Beacon Press,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108.
For charge orders you may also call direct: 617-742-2110 ext. 596.

Available at bookstores or directly from

Beacon
PRESS
25 Beacon Street
Boston MA 02108

QTY.

_____ *Taking a Chance on God* $17.95 cl BP7902
_____ *The Church and the Homosexual* $9.95 pb BP784

_____ Subtotal
$2.00 postage and handling (1–4 books; .50 each additional)
_____ TOTAL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

☐ Yes, I have enclosed a personal check or money order.
☐ Yes, I would like to charge my order to ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Account # _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____